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[NO LOVE LOST.]

ALEXINA.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Then fare thee well—I'd rather make
My bow upon some icy lake,
When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love so false as thine.

Moore.

AFTER Lord Ashcroft had retired from her presence, Lady Egremont lost her calmness and self-possession, and gave herself up to emotions of the wildest alarm. The assurance that had sustained her throughout the interview with Lord Ashcroft deserted her, and she paced the floor, murmuring:

"Perhaps he suspects—oh, no, he cannot. Why should he? I did not over-do my part. I was as calm and quiet as if my whole future were not at stake. He thinks I told him the truth about Aimée's parentage, and if he were to suspect the real truth we should be overwhelmed with ruin. What fate led him to the haunted rooms? Was there a fate in it?"

She asked herself these questions in a hollow, apprehensive tone, as though terror were brooding at her heart.

She was walking about thus, her face flushed, her hair disarranged, and her manner full of excitement, when her husband entered the room fresh from his ride.

"What is the matter, Evelyn?" he asked, in astonishment. "Are you ill? Has Aimée escaped?"

"No, Evart, I am not ill, and Aimée is safe in her room. But she and Lord Ashcroft have met!"

Lord Egremont looked at his wife as though he believed her mind to be wandering.

"It is true, Evart!" she cried, excitedly. "You know that when his lordship declared his intention of remaining at home I determined to stay too. But little did I imagine what would occur in your absence. I remained in this room, and Toplift came down here to see me about some books and flowers for Aimée, and the child was left alone."

"And she managed to escape?"

"No, not that. Lord Ashcroft, prompted by curiosity, undertook to go through the haunted rooms, as I have often feared he would. Toplift left the key of the outer door in the pocket of her cast-off gown, and Aimée, thinking Lord Ashcroft to be her governess, unlocked the door and admitted him."

Lord Egremont uttered an exclamation of terror, and seated himself in the nearest chair, being unable to stand.

"How long he was there I don't know," continued the lady, "but when I went up with Toplift to see her he was standing in the door of her little study, and there was a light on both their faces that could come only from love."

"Cursed fatality!" muttered Lord Egremont. "But how could they learn to love each other in an interview of but a few minutes?"

"I don't know. It is possible that they have met before. Perhaps he saw her that night when she visited his room. If he did he is not the man to have forgotten her as soon as she had vanished. She is very beautiful—more beautiful than Alexina—and her strange resemblance to the portrait of the Lady Jasmine would inspire interest in anyone. Then, when he found she was not an apparition, Lord Ashcroft's romantic fancy would be captivated by her strange attire, her seclusion, and the mystery enveloping her. It is easy to see it all!"

"But there must have been a fate in it," declared Lord Egremont, his usually ruddy face now pale. "What did you say to Lord Ashcroft? Did you betray anything?"

"No. My wits were sharpened by my fright. I carried it off very well. I brought him down to this room, and told him that Aimée was your child, and not mine, and that we concealed her existence as being merciful both to her and to us. I hinted at disgrace, &c., if he betrayed our secret, and he promised to keep it carefully."

Lord Egremont was not at first pleased at the explanation that had been given by his wife, but he finally conceded that she could have said nothing more plausible, and that she had done well.

"Poor little Aimée!" he said, musingly.

"I pity her too, Evart, from the bottom of my heart!" exclaimed Lady Egremont. "My heart yearns over her at times, when I think how we have wronged her all her life. But what else could we do? Self-protection is the first law of nature. We could not see years ago how matters would turn out. If we had had but the gift of prevoyance, we should never have committed that fatal error."

"True, and it is now too late to repair the wrong."

"Too late!" responded Lady Egremont, mournfully. "It only remains to make our footing secure. Lord Ashcroft must not be permitted a delay in which to think of Aimée. His marriage with Alexina must be hastened. I shall not breathe freely until she is his wife."

"Nor shall I. Let Alexina once become Lady Ashcroft, and Aimée be hidden in a German convent, and I shall be happier than I have been for years."

"And I too. Aimée has a saint-like nature that would eminently fit her for the vocation of a nun, and she would be more in her proper sphere singing praises in a convent chapel than as the belle of a fashionable ball-room. She is too spiritual for the rough usages of life."

"She is better fitted to brighten and beautify a home, Evelyn, than to serve in a chapel or shine in a ball-room. Not that she would not shine too, for she has a strange, rare beauty that would attract lovers around her by the score! She must be carefully guarded in future, so that Lord Ashcroft may not again see her. I will see him to-day about hastening his marriage with Xina."

This resolution was approved of by the countess, and the earl retired to his dressing-room, from which he soon emerged, newly dressed, and set out to have an interview with his guest.

He found him in the music-room, dreamily touching the keys of the piano, and trying to evoke the same strain he had heard played by the mysterious occupant of the haunted rooms.

He ceased his effort at the entrance of his host, who plunged at once into the business upon which he had sought him.

"Lord Ashcroft," he said, "I am about to make a

communication to you which under other circumstances would scarcely be proper. But the happiness of my ward is at stake, and I trust you will excuse what you may deem my over-zeal in consideration of its cause."

His guest bowed assent, and prepared to listen to the promised communication.

After a moment's pause Lord Egremont resumed:

"The peculiar circumstances of your engagement with my ward have conspired to awaken her romantic fancy, and to cause her to regard you with the tenderness women give only to a favoured lover. I may be thus frank with you since you informed me some days since that you admired her beyond all other women, and were ready to fulfil your engagement with her at any moment. Xina was informed of your sentiments towards her, and that may be the reason she loves you. Perhaps I did wrong in telling her, but I made no allowance for the possible changing of your mind. I shall never forgive myself if by my indiscretion I have been the means of wrecking her life and happiness."

"I scarcely understand you, Lord Egremont. I have not professed to love your ward, nor have I thought that she really loves me. But I hold myself in readiness to fulfil my engagement to her—"

"From admiration for her beauty?"

"From a sense of honour!" and Lord Ashcroft's face grew cold and haughty in its expression, as if all warmth were leaving his system. "I hold myself bound in honour to your ward, but were I sure that she did not love me I should have no hesitation in retiring from the contract made by our parents and leaving the Lady Alexina free."

"You would rather forfeit a fortune than wed her?"

Lord Ashcroft bowed silently.

Lord Egremont looked shocked and troubled.

"Lord Ashcroft," he said, with considerable agitation, "I will not reproach you for your clandestine visit to the 'haunted rooms.' Lady Egremont has told me about her finding you there, and has declared to me her surprise that a noble guest of Egremont should have penetrated into chambers to which free access had been denied him."

He paused, waiting for an apology or protestation of sorrow.

But Lord Ashcroft offered none. He was strongly tempted to explain why he had looked for Aimée in the closed rooms; that he had feared she was detained a prisoner there against her will; and he even thought of giving expression to the ideas to which the visit of the heiress's nurse had given birth.

But a timely sense of prudence restrained him.

As he did not speak his host resumed:

"I have said that I will not reproach you for what you have done, Lord Ashcroft, but I must ask you not to seek out Aimée again. She has been set apart from her birth for a life of celibacy. From her earliest childhood we have intended her to become a nun. We have made some mistakes in training and educating her, for we should have sent her to a convent in her infancy. But we could not bear to part with her. Lady Egremont has told you the child's sad history, and I need say nothing in reference to it. It is enough to say that she has been tenderly loved and cherished all her life long, and you saw for yourself that we surround her with every luxury and comfort. Even were you free Aimée could not become your wife, and, since you are not free, is it not best to let the memory of you die out of the child's heart?"

Lord Ashcroft assented, adding, sadly:

"Lord Egremont, my conduct may be somewhat excused in your eyes—or it may be aggravated—by a confession that I love the Lady Aimée as I should love my future wife. She is the realization of all that I have fancied of loveliness and beauty, and could I, in honour, break off my present engagement I would offer her my hand and heart!"

"But you are not free!" asserted Lord Egremont, his face paling. "And since you feel as you do I think your marriage had better be hastened. Why should it not take place immediately?"

"If you desire it, and the Lady Alexina wishes it—"

"My wishes are here. I will speak to her about it. Ah, there she comes!" he explained, hearing the footstep of his ward in the corridor.

He advanced to meet her, giving her his arm.

She was looking very handsome and queenly, with her black hair braided in a coronal about her head, and studded with diamond stars, and with her riding-habit exchanged for a robe of ruby-coloured velvet, at the throat and belt of which glowed a small fortune in precious stones.

As Lord Egremont advanced with her his face was full of pride and satisfaction, and he gave a look

at Lord Ashcroft, as if to say there was nothing in all the world so worthy of admiration as his ward.

"Xina, dear," said her guardian, with ill-concealed anxiety, "your betrothed and I have been having a confidential conversation, and the result is that I am empowered to offer you an immediate introduction to the gay society you have so long wished for. In other words, Alexina, Lord Ashcroft would like to be married immediately."

The heiress turned her black eyes questioningly upon Lord Ashcroft, who bowed assent.

"This is very sudden," she said, in a tone of dissatisfaction. "What do you mean by 'immediately,' guardian?"

"This day week," was the prompt response.

The heiress gave a brief thought to Lyle Indor, and then dwelt a moment upon what she could accomplish in the way of a *trousseau* in a week. She would have insisted upon more time for preparations, but Lord Egremont's artful allusion to "gay society" inspired her with a desire to leave her present home as soon as possible.

"I will be ready in a week," she said, adding, under a happy idea, "and I am very glad, Lord Ashcroft, that you are desirous of hastening our marriage, for I shall not feel at rest while you remain at Egremont. That enemy of yours may come upon you at any moment."

"Her love makes her anxious," muttered Lord Egremont, in an under tone that reached Lord Ashcroft's ears alone.

"I don't want anything," said in the family to-day about our change of plans, said the heiress, with a thought of her clandestine love affair. "To-morrow will be soon enough. As this matter is thoroughly understood between us I hope you will excuse me for a little time while I consult with Lady Egremont!"

With a stately sweep of her garments she left the music-room.

Lord Egremont lingered for a little farther conversation with his guest, and then he withdrew to his library to write letters to his attorney, men of business, &c.

Thus left alone Lord Ashcroft endeavoured to realize the sudden change in his prospects.

"Only a week of freedom!" he thought, realistically. "My admiration for the Lady Alexina seems turned to loathing. She must know that I do not love her, and her conduct shows a want of womanly delicacy that I scarcely can comprehend. There was no joy in her eyes when her guardian informed her that the marriage was to be hastened. She did not blush under my gaze, but looked disappointed and dissatisfied. It almost seems as if she did not love me, and would wed me only as a stepping-stone to fashionable life."

This reflection made the proposed marriage doubly distasteful to him, and he thought of the gentle Aimée, who loved him for himself alone. He felt that he could overlook the bar sinister on her escutcheon, and proudly own her to the world as his beloved and honoured bride. He was convinced that, but for his unfortunate betrothment to the Lady Alexina, Lord Egremont might have been persuaded to bestow upon him the hand of the captive maiden, and his chains were all the harder to bear.

That was a dark day to him.

He spent hours in the forest, walking moodily in by-paths, thinking occasionally that it might be better for him if his secret enemy should spring out upon him from some covert, or send a bullet to his heart.

He was in one of those despairing moods that occur in the life-time of everyone, when one wears of earth and longs for a purer atmosphere and rest from the wearying cares of earthly life.

He possessed one of those rare domestic natures, found only in the English race, which delight in the family hearthstone, and love best of all things a happy, sunny home. Gifted as he was with remarkable talents, which might yet win him a proud name in the world of politics, he yet loved to think of the rest that would follow his best efforts—a rest made doubly sweet by the refined atmosphere of home.

But those sweet dreams must be relinquished in the hour when the heiress of Egremont should become his bride.

The Lady Alexina would never strive to make her home happy.

Lord Ashcroft read her character well now. He knew her to be haughty, supercilious, and dominating; vain, and fond of gaiety and splendour.

With a nature so unlike his own there was not much prospect of happiness.

For hours he strove to school his soul into resignation, and he succeeded so far as to dull it into apathy, which he mistook for the divine virtue of submission.

It was a gloomy face he brought back to the mansion—a face not at all befitting the accepted suitor, and the Lady Lorena's keen eyes read the struggle

that had taken place within his breast, and her heart ached for him.

His unusual gravity disappeared under the friendly tact of his host and hostess, who showed themselves more than ever genial and entertaining. The conversation was not permitted to flag throughout the remainder of the day and evening, music being resorted to at the least sign of lack of interest in the topics under discussion, and thus the hours wore away.

At the usual hour the family separated, and Lord Ashcroft sought his room, but not to remain there. He knew that his sister would not fail to pay him her usual nightly visit, and he could not bear to meet her in his present state of mind. He thought of taking refuge in the picture-gallery, but he could not meet Aimée and look coldly upon her, while honour would not permit him to look otherwise.

"I feel she will be there!" he said. "But I must not see her. My heart will melt within me at the first glance of her dark eyes."

He put on his great-coat and quitted his room, determined to spend an hour in the open air, by which time his brain would be cooled and his sister would have retired to her bed.

Proceeding noiselessly downstairs, he sought the private door by which he had twice entered the mansion after his boat excursions.

To his surprise it was unlocked.

He withdrew this key from the door and put it in his pocket that his return might be unobstructed, and then passed out upon the cliffs.

A wild night was blowing. The fresh wind blew in from the sea, and the waves dashed against the rocks, and the phosphorescent light danced over the waters.

A few minutes Lord Ashcroft stood and gazed upon the wild sea, made visible by the phosphors through the gloom, and then he directed his steps into the more sheltered garden-walks.

The night was gloomy but not intensely dark. Every tree that bordered the path was strongly outlined against the sky, and the eye could just distinguish the boulders, the summer-houses, &c.

Lord Ashcroft paced up and down the avenue, listening to the wailing of the wind through the branches overhead, the rustling of the dead leaves in his path, and thinking intently.

It seemed to him that he stood at the crisis of his destiny.

A wild prayer went up from his soul that he might be delivered from the hateful marriage to which he was bound, and that she whom he loved might share his future.

He was reflecting upon the unreasonableness of his petition and the unlikelihood of its being granted, when he observed a feminine figure coming down the path from the house.

"One of the maids coming to meet her lover," he thought.

Instinctively he stepped back from the path.

As she came on, however, her robe half trailing among the leaves and half held up by a hand upon which diamonds flashed, and jewels glowing beneath her hood, he recognised his betrothed.

A low cry of astonishment burst from his lips, but the wind bore it away from her ears, and she tripped on blissfully unconscious of the eyes watching her movements.

Lord Ashcroft followed her.

She glided on, turning into another path that conducted to the pavilion, and her betrothed kept behind her.

On reaching the door of the little structure she turned around and must have seen Lord Ashcroft had he not had sufficient forethought to step aside into the shade.

She paused a moment and then opened the door and passed in, leaving it ajar.

The next moment Lord Ashcroft heard the murmuring of voices within the pavilion.

In an instant he was aroused.

Who was it the Lady Alexina had come to meet in such a clandestine manner? What friend had she whom she could not see openly?

He felt that, as her husband-elect, he had a right to an answer to these questions.

He crept nearer, close to the pavilion, where he could hear every word that was uttered within, the very wind helping him.

The first words he heard were spoken by his betrothed.

"Oh Lyle," she was saying, in passionate tones, "don't you know then why I asked you to meet me here to-night? Did you hear anyone saying that my marriage-day was appointed?"

"No one told me, Alexina, but I suspected it from Lord Ashcroft's manner. He did not look though like a happy lover."

It was Lyle Indor then whom the heiress had come to meet. But what could she have to say to

him that could not be said in the house and at a proper hour?

"No, he did not look happy, Lyle," said the Lady Alexina, with a bitter indiction of her voice. "I suppose I don't exactly suit him. Perhaps he wants a wife more beautiful than I."

"It is not, love," answered Lyle, soothingly. "He could not find anyone more beautiful than you if he were to search the world over. But I suspect he would prefer a home-loving woman, one of those tame creatures who show to advantage behind a tearum. You are peculiarly fitted to adorn society, and I am enough of a Frenchman, Alexina, to care nothing for my home but care a great deal about creating a sensation in the world."

"You and I are fitted for each other, Lyle," said the heiress regretfully. "Oh, why could you not have been Lord Ashcroft? Or why must papa have made such an atrocious will? Sometimes I fairly loathe the sight of Lord Ashcroft, and a hundred times a day I wish that Kepp had succeeded in his attempts to kill him."

Lord Ashcroft shuddered at these fearful words from the lips of his almost-bride, but the assurance that she did not love him lifted a great weight from his heart, and he could have leaped for joy.

She did love Lyle Indor, the gentle, feminine Lyle, with his soft voice and his bland manner. Her imperious will found in Indor an unquestioning submission, yet Lord Ashcroft could not help thinking that the gentle Lyle concealed a hand of iron, as the saying goes, under a glove of velvet.

"Hush, Alexina," said her favoured lover, in tones of soft reproach. "You know not what you say. You know I love you, yet I could not wish harm to happen to Lord Ashcroft. He is not to blame for being bound to you, and so far as I know him he is true and good. I blame him only because he has not bowed the knee in love to you, because he can look coldly upon your superb beauty. Were I in his place my time should be spent in serving you, happy if you but looked at me."

"Lyle, it is you I should have married!" cried the heiress. "If it were not for forfeiting my fortune I would dismiss Lord Ashcroft now. Yet," she added, "there is some satisfaction in thinking I shall make him rue our marriage, and perhaps he may commit suicide in self-defence. Or perhaps Kepp will find an opportunity before this day week to rid the world of him."

"What would you do in that case?"

"Marry you within the month and go to London." Lyle uttered a gentle reproof, then praise for her devotion to him.

"We must endeavour to forget our love, and I must consider you as Lady Ashcroft now. It is hard to give up the love of so many months, Alexina, but we must not be weak."

The heiress sobbed aloud.

"I wonder," she said, "if Kepp has left the neighbourhood. I could almost seek him out and offer him a bribe to remove Lord Ashcroft. I will try and find him, I will indeed."

"Alexina!"

"Hush, Lyle," she said, imperiously, drying her tears. "It is not so easy for me to give up my love for you. If I were in your place I would leave no stone unturned to remove all obstacles between us. But you are a weak, pitiful coward."

"My love," said Indor, deprecatingly.

"You are. Why don't you do something? Why will you let me be forced into a hateful marriage? You have no spirit, no manhood."

"My darling," said Indor, humbly. "What can I do? If I am a coward I have manhood enough to recognize and worship your beauty. I am perhaps better fitted to be your slave, for I could bear to be trodden on by you. I know I am different from Lord Ashcroft, for he would command where I would obey."

"Enough, Lyle. I would rather have you as you are than to have you like him. I like to be paramount, and I will be. I have an idea that something will occur to break off my marriage with Lord Ashcroft, and yet preserve to me Egremont."

"I hope so."

"How could it be," shivered the heiress. "I am almost freezing."

"You ought to run in, love. I forgot to bring out an extra shawl for you. We can talk as we go up to the house."

They quitted the pavilion and locked the door, and then passed Lord Ashcroft, Alexina's velvet robe brushing the knees of her betrothed as she went by.

Lord Ashcroft silently followed them towards the dwelling.

It would be difficult to describe the tumult reigning in our hero's soul as he walked after them at a safe distance: the wild joy and thanksgiving at the revelation he had overheard; the horror he experi-

enced at the discovery of Alexina's baseness in holding him to his contract while wishing him dead; and, above all, the exultation he felt at the thought that he need no longer hesitate to claim his freedom.

"I will seek the picture-gallery," he thought. "Perhaps Aimée may be there. I can clasp her in my arms now without fear of wronging another."

He waited until his betrothed and her clandestine lover had entered the house, then he followed them, locked the door, and took his way up to the picture-gallery.

CHAPTER XXIV.

When lovers meet in adverse hour,
Tis like a sun-glimpse through a shower,
A watery ray an instant seen,
Then darkly rolling clouds between. Scott.

THE announcement from the heiress that the day had been appointed for her marriage with Lord Ashcroft, and that it was near at hand, completely overjoyed Lady Egremont, and dispelled her fears that Aimée was to come between the betrothed young couple. She bestowed her congratulations upon Alexina with a hearty sincerity that showed how truly relieved she was, and mentally determined that the prisoner should be more closely guarded than ever until after the bride.

In pursuance of this intention she went up to the haunted rooms immediately after Alexina had quitted her presence.

She found Topliff perusing a book in the drawing-room, by the globe-lamp, and Aimée was half reclining upon her Indian couch, her guitar in her hand, in the beautiful little tower beyond. She was not playing, but her slender fingers now and then idly touched the strings, the plaintive sound according with her thoughts.

Lady Egremont closed the door between the study and drawing-room, that her interview with the governess might be private, and then addressed herself to Topliff, who had laid aside her book, and risen respectfully to her feet.

"Topliff," began her lady, taking possession of the arm-chair, and fixing her gaze upon the woman, "you expressed an opinion to me this morning that Lord Ashcroft was in love with the Lady Aimée. He has given to-day a proof that he is not, by desiring to hasten his marriage with the Lady Alexina. The wedding is to occur this day week."

The governess looked surprised, but said nothing. "The romance surrounding Aimée may have captivated his fancy," resumed Lady Egremont, "and it is quite possible that under certain circumstances that fancy might ripen into love. We must prevent those circumstances."

"What are they, my lady?"

"Simply, farther meeting. If she be permitted to leave these rooms they will meet. It is possible that he may again seek entrance to this part of the house, and you must keep on your guard. Watch Aimée day and night. Hide the key of the ante-room where she cannot find it."

"Your ladyship can trust me there," declared Topliff. "I've got a hiding-place for the key that she would never suspect."

"I am glad to hear it. Take care that she does not see you hide it. If she should leave this room only once I should hold you responsible."

"I shall be faithful, my lady."

"I do not know what has come over you lately, Topliff," said her mistress, with some severity. "It is only since Lord Ashcroft came that Aimée has been able to wander about the house. I never knew her before to evade you, or to leave these rooms. You must have slackened your old vigilance, or you are getting old and unfit for your post. I wish I had sent her to a convent a year ago."

"I am not to blame, my lady," declared the nurse. "The Lady Aimée used to be contented enough, but for the last few months she has asked me so many questions about the Lady Alexina, and wondered why their lots were so different, and why she must be shut up so. I think the poetry she has read has brought about the change, my lady. Then seeing Lord Ashcroft has completed her discontent. I often hear her muttering the name of Lionel as she sits in her study."

"Poor child!" murmured the countess, pityingly. "It is so strange that they should have met and loved. But love and marriage are not for her. Be very gentle with her, Topliff, but do not relax your vigilance."

Topliff declared that she would carefully heed her mistress's commands, thankful that her immoderate love of opium had not been discovered and remarked upon.

Lady Egremont gave the nurse a few more directions in regard to her young charge, and finished by a sharp reprimand for her former lack of vigilance.

She then arose from her chair.

"Won't your ladyship look in upon the Lady Aimée?" questioned Topliff, swallowing her resentment at the reproof she had received.

"I thought I would not," was the hesitating response. "Yet I will."

She opened the door, and went into the study, and bent over the drooping form of the prisoner.

Aimée was looking indescribably lovely, with a faint flush dyeing her pure cheeks, with a happy smile curving her red lips, and with a tender, joyous light brooding in her dusky eyes, and rippling over her sweet face.

Lady Egremont knew that she was living over again the visit of Lord Ashcroft to the haunted rooms, and she sighed deeply, hesitating to spoil the charm of that waking dream.

Aimée looked up, and her smile faded as she recognized the intruder.

"Sit down, mamma," she said, gravely, gathering herself up upon the cushions.

"No, child, I cannot stay. I came merely to say good-night, and to tell you something."

"Is it about Lionel?" asked the young girl, eagerly.

The countess sighed as she bowed assent.

"What is it? Is he ill? Is he going away?"

"No, Aimée—that is, he is well. He is going to leave Egremont next week."

The maiden clasped her hands together, and her face paled, but not a murmur escaped her lips.

"That is not all, my child," continued the countess, with an effort at lightness of tone. "He will not go alone, but will take his bride with him."

The Lady Aimée's lips quivered involuntarily, and a look of pain came into her eyes, but she was too proud to show her grief, and looked steadily away from her visitor.

"I suppose you want to hear all the gossip, love," resumed Lady Egremont. "The truth is, Lord Ashcroft wishes to be married within a week, and Alexina is very anxious to go to town, so the marriage is to be hastened."

"I wish I could see Alexina!" murmured Aimée.

"Why so, love?"

"I should like to see for myself if she is worthy of Lionel. She ought to be a very happy girl. Is she?"

"Oh, yes. Young ladies are always happy to be married, I suppose," returned the countess, indifferently. "I am glad you bear the news so well, Aimée. I had feared you would take it differently."

The little maiden forced a proud smile to her now pale mouth, and looked up, into the face of her visitor with a glance meant to show how care-free she was.

But the countess was not deceived, and soon took her departure, ill at ease.

The moment she had gone Aimée's composure gave way, and, burying her face in the cushions, she wept as those weep whose dearest hopes have faded, whose dearest dreams have proved illusions.

When she grew calmer she heard her nurse moving about in the drawing-room, and the sound served to render her quiet and self-composed.

She was not one to show her heart to careless eyes. The day dragged on as drearily to her as to Lord Ashcroft.

It would have been some consolation to her, as she lay before her fire, to have known that at that moment Lord Ashcroft was walking gloomily in the forest, carrying an aching heart like hers within his bosom.

But she thought of him as happy with his betrothed bride, of exchanging caresses with her, of hanging upon her lightest words; and the thought was indescribably painful to her.

"I am only his little sister now," she thought.

"I know he loves me, but he loves me as a younger sister. I hope he does not think I love him otherwise than as a brother; and a crimson flush leaped into her cheeks. "I should like to see him once more, and congratulate him, and show him that I do not love him as he perhaps thinks I do. Oh, Lionel, Lionel!"

The thought of seeing him once more became an intense longing, and she determined to gratify it.

"It will be for the last time on earth," she pleaded with herself. "Only to-night. I know he will look for me!"

As evening came on she grew excited and anxious. She could not eat the delicate repast brought to her by her nurse, and spent a full hour over her toilet, arranging the frill of lace about her neck, smoothing her rippling waves of hair, binding anew the fillet that encircled her head, &c., desiring to look unusually lovely in the eyes of Lord Ashcroft on that last meeting.

"I want him to remember me as not careless, as though I were distracted with love for him!" she mused. "I want to look well in his eyes to-night."

She was careful not to excite Toplift's suspicions as the hour grew late, and listened eagerly for signals of her nurse's intention to retire.

She heard her rise at last, and yawn, and then proceed to the cabinet in the wall, where her opium was stored. She heard the tinkling of a spoon against a glass, and could have cried aloud for joy.

Toplift made her night toilet, and then came into the study, offering her services to prepare her young mistress for bed.

"I can go alone, thank you, nurse," responded the maiden. "I shall not want assistance!"

"Then I won't sit up," said Toplift, her dull eyes becoming duller, and the odour of laudanum diffusing itself throughout Aimée's pure little bower. "I've been kept awake so much lately that I don't feel at all like myself. Go to bed early, my dear, and don't get me into trouble!"

With this admonition Toplift returned to the drawing-room.

She closed the door between carefully, and then concealed her key under the hearth-rug, in the indentation of the floor which has been described, and this task accomplished she felt at ease in regard to her charge.

"Poor little thing!" she muttered, going to her couch. "Lady Egremont may well pity her. Sometimes I feel so sorry for her I could confess the whole dreadful truth, and I would too, if I knew I should come out safe, and that I should make more by it than my lady gives me. But I shouldn't be believed, I suppose, and I can force my lady to give me more."

She was still muttering when she dropped off to sleep.

When her slumbers had become profound Aimée came out of her little bower, secured the key from its hiding-place, and made her egress from the haunted rooms.

She hastened with still, noiseless movements to the picture-gallery.

No one was there when she entered it, and with a disappointed look she went towards the little bronze stove, near which Lord Ashcroft had sat on the occasion of their former meeting.

The fire was low in the stove, but the gallery was warm enough, from the heat that had been generated during the day. There was no moonlight, but there was a dim faint light sufficient to outline the picture-frames, the oaken seats, &c., and to make the gloom that nestled in the corners unpleasant to look upon.

She lingered but a brief space by the stove, making her way to the arched window at the end, and looking down into the gloomy garden.

Thus half an hour passed.

She started at every noise, fearing that her absence from her rooms had been discovered, and when at last she heard a hand upon the door-latch she shrank back into the gloom, fearing to meet the angry eyes of Lady Egremont.

It was not the countess who entered, but the manly form of Lord Ashcroft.

A feeling of confusion came over her, and she hesitated to come out from the shadowy corner where she was hidden.

"Aimée!" called her lover, softly, his tones lingering with ineffable tenderness upon the sweet French name. "Aimée, are you here?"

"Yes, Lionel!" she answered, involuntarily, the blood rushing hotly to her face. "Here I am!" And she stepped forward into the light.

With a quick tread he advanced to her side.

As they stood near the window she could see that his face was transfigured with gladness, and that his eyes beamed with unusual lustre.

He held out his arms to her, but she retreated from his embrace.

"Aimée, love," he said, in quick, glad tones. "Do not shrink from me. Let me hold you to your rightful home!"

Unheeding her faint struggles, he clasped her to his heart, and showered kisses upon her surprised face.

"Let me go, Lionel!" she exclaimed, half indignantly, struggling to free herself. "I am only your sister."

"Only my sister, Aimée? Have I deceived myself?" groaned her lover. "I thought you loved me, Aimée!"

"You thought I loved the betrothed husband of another?"

"Forgive me, Aimée! I did think so. I love you with all my heart, and I have longed so to make you my wife. I am free, Aimée."

"Free!" she repeated, incredulously. "Why, mamma told me you were to marry Alexina next week!"

"She was mistaken. I shall never marry her. I am free, Aimée, free, and I thought you loved me!" he added, despairingly.

"Are you no longer bound to Alexina?" she asked, timidly.

"No, Aimée."

"But mamma said you could not be free without forfeiting a large amount of money?"

"I will forfeit it!"

Aimée withdrew entirely from his arms, and said, sadly:

"Lionel, you must not let me come between you and Alexina. I am used to grief and sorrow, but her life has been all so bright that your want of faith may quite destroy her existence. Lionel, dear Lionel, I can never be more than a sister to you, but I want to be proud of you, and I cannot be so if you desert Alexina and break her heart. She loves you—mamma told me so—and if you leave her you cannot hope to win me!"

Lord Ashcroft, even in his sadness, could not avoid yielding involuntary homage to the pure, honour-loving being beside him.

"Aimée, do you think I could win the heart of anyone and then throw it aside as a worthless thing?" he asked, reproachfully. "If Alexina loved me I would marry her. But she does not. I heard her own lips declare her hatred of me. More than that, she loves another, and would wed him if I were to relinquish all claim upon her!"

"Is this true?" cried Aimée, looking up earnestly into the eyes of her lover.

"It is as true as that I live, Aimée. Do you not see that it would be a crime for me to marry a woman who hates me—a woman who weds me only in order to retain her wealth?"

Aimée uttered a glad assent.

"But of what use is my freedom?" said Lord Ashcroft. "You do not love me. You refuse me—"

Aimée advanced towards him with a fluttering motion, as if undecided whether to advance or recede, and then she dropped her pretty head to her bosom, and stood before her lover the picture of shyness and confusion.

Her lover could not fail to interpret these signs aright.

"You do love me, Aimée?" he cried, in an ecstasy of joy.

For answer she came forward with that shy, fluttering motion, and nestled in his encircling arms in the fulness of content.

There was a long silence between them—a silence of the lips only, for their eyes spoke to each other the language of love, and their hearts throbbed wildly in unison.

And then Lord Ashcroft with a strange solemnity pressed the kiss of betrothal upon her lips.

"They shall not take you from me!" he said, in a voice of firm, unalterable resolve. "Nothing shall come between us, Aimée. We were made for each other, and no false pride shall mar our lives!"

He was thinking of Lady Egremont's explanation, and her remark that they could not acknowledge Aimée's existence.

"No; nothing shall come between us!" said the maiden, smiling through her tears.

"I have thought, since discovering the truth, of asking you to fly with me, dear Aimée," said her lover, "but I will not do it. I will see Lord Egremont, tell him my story, and ask him for your hand. I think I can overcome his scruples," and he smiled hopefully as he thought of the arguments he would employ.

We will not dwell longer upon the lovers' interview.

It is enough to say that when they separated at last, and Aimée retired to her own rooms, both hearts beat high with joy and hope, and both looked forward with eagerness to the morrow that should decide their fate.

(To be continued.)

TEA DRINKING IN RUSSIA.—Take the great Moskovski Traktir as an example—the place where the chief tea-merchants in Russia have, as it were, their house of call. You go up a broad flight of stairs from the street, have the folding-doors thrown open to you by a servant in livery, and find yourself in an atmosphere of delicious warmth, after quitting the cold, bleak air without. Servants are waiting at the head of the stairs to take off your furs; and then you look around you. You stand in a long vaulted room, filled with sofas and with tables. On one side is an immense bar; at the end is a monster organ. The place, with its arched roof, and rich hangings, and lamps swinging from the ceiling, and snow white divans, has an Arabian Nights' air, which is heightened by the appearance of the servants, who move swiftly and silently about. All dressed alike in white tunics and trousers—all tall, strong-built men, with long smooth hair parted in the middle—they look like the slaves of an Eastern Sultan, such as one used to fancy them in the days when the Three

Calendars and Sinbad the Sailor used to people one's dreams by night. You might eat or drink anything in this traktir, and the cooking is renowned; but tea is the staple article of consumption. Before you have been a day in Russia you learn the words for "a cup of tea;" and, indeed, the attendants would take it for granted you wanted tea, if they did not understand your pronunciation of the "stack an tchal,"—this, on the principle of the defunct "Fonetic Nuz," being the nearest approximation I can form to the probable spelling of the words in question. You are brought forthwith two white teapots—one large, the other small: the former containing water, the latter tea. You first—if you wish to follow the proper routine—fill your glass tumbler half full with water; then, when the glass is thoroughly warmed, empty the water, put in a couple of lumps of white sugar; then pour out half a tumblerful of tea, and weaken it with water. Then insert a slice of lemon; and, if your mouth is fireproof enough to drink the beverage while it is scalding hot, you will get better tea than it has ever been my fortune to drink elsewhere. There is no doubt the glass retains the heat much longer than a porcelain or crockery cup would do; but then, as there is no handle, and as the glass is hot as hot can be, it is not easy to lift it. To avoid this difficulty you must either put your head down to the glass, or hold the bottom in the hollow of your hand, neither of which methods of imbibing is considered elegant at home. Everybody around you sips his tea placidly; most of the company cross themselves before they raise the glass to their lips; and almost all sip between puffs of smoke.—*A Month in Russia during the Marriage of the Czarévitch.* By Edward Dicey.

MILK.

THE difficulties of obtaining a pure and sufficient supply of milk in London are manifold. In the first case there is the system of adulteration practised not only by the retail dealers in town, but by the farmer who sends it from the country. Then follow the expense and the difficulty of carriage, with the deterioration which in all weathers takes place in milk passing over long distances. These circumstances combine to keep up high prices and to produce a necessity for stall-fed cows within London, having more or less a tendency to tuberculous disease, even in the most favourable situations. The greater part of the country milk comes from the grass lands and the dairy districts of Wiltshire, and from the Midland Counties. From the month of January, 1865, to that of 1867, the increase of quantity carried was very large, rising in one year, 1866, on the Great Western Railway alone, from 1,051 to 12,611 cans; and on the London and North Western in the same year from 490,320 to 1,209,284 gallons. With the exception of a slight falling-off, which is now observable, when it had reached the highest amount the supply remained stationary. Both the increase and the abatement may be attributed to the cattle disease, and the consequent abandonment for a time of the London cowsheds.

Milk consists of two distinct parts—a colourless fluid filled with white globules of fatty matter. These, being lighter than the fluid, rise and form cream. The fluid remaining after the removal of the cream is called skimmed milk, but is not colourless, because it is almost impossible to collect all these globules in the ordinary way. Cream contains the fatty matter which forms butter. In high temperature, or during warm weather, another change speedily takes place. The sugar of milk, which gives the sweetness always observable in fresh milk, becomes, in part, the lactic acid by which the casein or cheesy part of the milk is formed. Hence the flesh and warmth-giving properties or the nutritious quality of milk are removed from it. In the carriage of milk from any great distance two causes produce deterioration. One of these is the constant churning motion of the carriage and the rude removal of partially filled and, at present, too heavy cans by railway porters and others. The other is the warmth and imperfect ventilation of the carriages in which milk is conveyed. In the same manner cream loses its consistency, and on its arrival in London from long distances cannot be made available as such.

These are the difficulties with which we have to contend. They must be met; for, as milk is indispensable, not only for hand-fed but for all children, so it is such an important part of the daily food of the adult that substitutes will not avail.

OUTDONE ENTIRELY.—"One might have heard a pin fall," is a provincial expression of silence; but it has been eclipsed by the French phrase—"You might have heard the unfolding of a lady's cambric handkerchief."



[THE OLD CHART AT FAULT.]

THE WATER-WOLF.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE soft night shadows had settled down upon sea and shore; the bright starlight flooded the scene with a holy, tranquil beauty; the cliffs and the cedars here and there crowning them mirrored themselves in the waters below, and the waves played with ceaseless musical murmur upon the sandy beaches, and against the low-lying rocks.

The great lamp in the lighthouse burned steadily, sending its glad beacon-rays over land and sea; and lesser lights gleamed from the windows of cottages and mansions—lights telling of home joys and pleasant social gatherings.

One of these lights beamed from the little parlour of Mrs. Brett, streaming out upon the small front garden through the unshuttered windows.

It was a pleasant little room with its small windows half-shaded by curtains of dimity, its floor covered with pale yellow straw matting, its furniture of the simplest manufacture, its wide chintz-covered sofa, its wooden mantelpiece covered with curious shells, its hearth filled with gay-coloured mosses, and its little cabinet of odd-looking stones in one corner.

It remained almost as Miss Nelson had left it, except that a good engraving or two had been added to its stock of pictures, and a bouquet of wax flowers to its embellishments.

Mrs. Brett occupied it alone. She was seated in a little old-fashioned arm-chair, in a nervous, apprehensive attitude, and her countenance wore an anxious and troubled expression.

"Oh, dear!" she murmured, moving uneasily, and glancing towards the windows. "I wish I knew what to do. I feel as though all my movements were watched, as if I did nothing without the knowledge of the man who is my husband. I feel as though he spied out my very thoughts. He may even be looking at me now."

She started at her own suggestion, and arose and drew the curtains, then resuming her seat.

"He must hate me," she said, nervously. "I shall never forget his look of hatred when we parted—never—never! I have had the idea for a long time that he has prowled around the house, and I am sure that he has entered it more than once. I am afraid he intends me some harm."

She shuddered, and put her brown, toilworn hands before her face.

"I ought to tell May the whole story," she mused, after a pause. "It will be a safeguard to me, if she knows it, and the knowledge may prove of great benefit to her. Yes, I will tell her."

Having come to this decision, she sank into a deep reverie, from which she was finally aroused by a clear, sweet, girlish voice, gaily carolling a quaint old ballad. The voice she recognized as belonging to May.

The next moment the young girl, still singing, entered the little parlour, swinging her hat in her hand. She had been walking up and down the beach, communing with her own heart, which was filled to overflowing with the joy of knowing herself loved by Harold.

She seemed to have caught something of the holy beauty of the night, for her eyes glowed with a sweet tenderness, like twin lamps, a rosy flush tinged her cheeks, and a happy smile played about her lips, coming and going like a fluttering sunbeam.

She stopped singing as she observed Mrs. Brett's attitude, and crossed the floor to her room, where she hung her hat upon the wall, and whence she returned with her work-basket in hand.

She drew out the little pine table which supported the globe-lamp, dropped over the latter the little painted transparent shade, and then sat down in her little sewing-chair to her task of embroidering a cape for Lady Mayne similar to that she had sold her the same morning.

That the task was a labour of love was evidenced by her bright countenance, which seemed to indicate that her soul was engaged in weaving happy dreams.

Mrs. Brett watched her slender white fingers as they played busily among the silken flosses, engaged in designing a wreath of daisies upon the cashmere, and after awhile she said:

"I fear you will injure your eyes by that work in the evening. Please lay it aside. I want to talk with you."

The young girl looked conscious that her friend was about to speak of Harold, and, with the scarlet deepening in her cheek, she laid aside her work and prepared to listen.

But nothing was farther from the good woman's thoughts at that moment than May's love affair.

"You know," she said, "that I told you something about myself yesterday, and that I mentioned that I had a husband still living?"

"Yes, I remember," assented May, wonderingly.

"I feel as though I ought to confide in you entirely, my dear. I have a presentiment that some evil is hanging over me, and it will be a relief to

me to share my trouble with you. Six years ago I was the proprietor of a nice millinery shop in Liverpool. I had a good business, employed three or four assistants, and laid up money against need. I was not then married, and was without a relative in the world."

She sighed, as if regretting that period of her life, and soon resumed:

"I looked forward then to extending my business, and dreamed of the time when I should make special trips to Paris as richer milliners did. I was spoken of as a well-to-do young woman, and had a reputation of possessing more money than I had. Well, in some way or another, I became acquainted with Halsey Brett. He had glossy black hair, and wore a moustache, and was well educated, and I fancied that 'fine feathers made a fine bird,' as the saying goes. He gave out that he was rich, and I believed him; and when he asked me to marry him I thought myself the most fortunate creature in the whole world. He said he could not allow his wife to engage in business, and urged me to go to a colony with him where we could be somebody. I don't know where my sense was then, but I agreed to his wishes and sold out the stock and good-will of my shop. I got a hundred pounds for it, and I had already a hundred and ten pounds laid by, so I might have called myself rich at that time," and Mrs. Brett's face clouded, and her needle-worn fingers worked themselves together in a convulsive way.

"And then you married him?" said the maiden, in a tone expressive of sympathizing interest.

"Yes, I married him, and gave my money into his keeping," responded the woman. "What could two hundred and ten pounds be in the sight of a man who claimed to have thousands? We were married, and engaged a passage to the Bermudas. At the moment of sailing my husband brought on board a sinister-looking man, whom I disliked at first sight. This man he introduced as his friend, Mr. Roll, who would go with us to our new home. This man was the constant companion of my husband upon the voyage, and they were constantly engaged in mysterious confidences, which always ceased at my approach."

"We had nearly finished the voyage, when one evening I went on deck to search for my husband. It was a dark, unpleasant night, and most of the passengers were in the cabins, but I felt lonely, anxious and home-sick, and determined to seek comfort from Brett. As I crept along the deck I suddenly heard voices whispering near me, and instinctively I stopped and listened, having heard my name."

Roll and my husband were talking. Roll was asking why Brett had married me, and my husband answered because I had a neat little fortune and he had nothing. He said he had married me for my money. The shock was so great—for I thought he had loved me—that I was momentarily paralyzed. I stood there and heard a great deal more.

"I heard Roll congratulate Brett on his cleverness, tell him that I was as green as a shamrock, and ask him if I knew that he—my husband—had served seven years in a penal colony for burglary! Think of the awful shock it must have been to me to know that my husband did not love me when he married me—to know that his professions were all false—to know that he had been a convict—to know that he was, even now, on his way to a new field of operations, where he hoped to amass wealth in an unlawful way! It was terrible! He intended to make me his accomplice and assistant, and declared that women were cleverer than men, and that I would soon make his fortune!"

Mrs. Brett choked back a sob and wiped her eyes with her knuckles, and continued:

"I confronted the pair, and told them that I had heard their villainous conference, and for a few moments there was a terrible scene. I need not tell you the details of it. It is enough to say that I declared I would never live with my husband again, and I demanded my money. He refused it, and dared me to tell what I had heard. After a long parley he agreed to give me twenty pounds and to let me alone. I accepted his terms—what else could I do?—and I did not speak to him again on the voyage. We parted at St. George's, he going with Roll, and I coming here. Miss Nelson was friendly and kind to me, and I have lived with you since."

"And what became of your husband and Roll?"

"Roll was drowned a few weeks after in a gale while he was plundering a wreck. I saw the notice of his death in a paper. But what became of Brett I cannot imagine. I daresay he lives somewhere about these islands, but I have never seen him. I know he lives by plundering wherever he is. I think if I knew his whereabouts I should inform against him, for I regard him as dangerous to society at large. I know he hates me, May, because I told him that I despised him, and because I left him. He has the most fearful passions, as I discovered that night when I encountered him on the deck. He has no respect for life or property, and would as soon kill me as eat his breakfast."

"Do you suppose he knows where you are?" asked May.

"I am sure of it. And I know he must fear that I will betray him. I am sure too that he has, even entered this house at night."

May turned pale and said, thoughtfully:

"I have seen a strange man about here lately. He has taken to fishing near our beach, and has passed the cottage frequently, and the other day he leaned against the fence for half an hour, pretending to mend a net. I say pretending, for I could not see any hole in it."

"What sort of man was he?"

"He was old, with white hair, and a smooth face. He was rather stout, and was dressed as a fisherman. I did not like the expression of his face, for it seemed to me to express an assumed benevolence."

"He was not my husband," declared Mrs. Brett, shaking her head. "Brett was a youngish man, and his hair was black, and he had a spare sort of figure. I am satisfied that he has been here lately—indeed, often during these five years. And now we must be watchful and cautious. If his eye has been upon me it has been upon you. He hates me, and if he even imagines how dear you are to me he would seek to wound me through you."

"I do not fear him," said May, quietly. "So long as Harold Mayne lives I have a protector."

"You have not dismissed Mr. Mayne then?" cried the woman, in tones of dismay.

By way of reply May held up her finger, upon which glittered her betrothal token.

"No, Mrs. Brett," she said; "Harold has asked me to be his wife, and we hope some day to overcome the prejudices of his parents against me. Lady Mayne likes me already—you know I went over there to-day with that cape—and I mean to win her love."

"She likes you in your place, my dear, but she would not receive you as a daughter-in-law. But I have nothing more to say about your love affairs, May. I have confidence in your goodness and sense. I only pray that your happiness may never be blighted as mine has been."

The tears ran down her furrowed, sorrowful cheeks, and May came to her and pillowed her head on her gentle breast and kissed her, and strove to cheer her with promises that she would always love and care for her.

But the shadow could not be lifted from the woman's

brow, and when they separated to go to their beds Mrs. Brett went with a clouded face and a heavy heart.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AFTER Sir Arthur and Harold had secured the treasure of the secret cavern and seen it safely deposited in the little vessel of the latter the young baronet turned to Gunnel and Gurley and said:

"I shall want no more of you to-day. You may go home, you may improve the opportunity by looking for the Water-Wolf. It was the intention of Sir Charles Mayne to ask Finch to assemble some of his comrades and make a search for the terrible monster, and if you wish the rest of the day for the purpose it is quite at your service."

The men accepted the offer with many thanks, particularly Gurley, and as soon as the boat was they took their leave of her.

The young gentlemen continued their way homeward.

"There's one thing that puzzled me," said Harold, when they had landed, made all secure, and were carrying the treasure between them towards the manor-house.

"What is that?"

"The fact that the Water-Wolf seems to have the ideas of a man under its scales, that's all," answered Harold, quietly.

"What do you mean?"

"That the Water-Wolf seems to have a perfect and intelligent hatred against commissioners and officials who have something to do with convicts. Reflect a moment. There was, first of all, Mr. Southwell. He was the brother of an Australian official. Mr. Westley had at one time held a high position in Australia, in a penal colony. And Commissioner Hilton, the latest victim, held a responsible position here over the convicts. All this shows a decided animus against the convict officers."

"It looks very strange, to say the least."

"I have studied the matter thoroughly," said young Mayne, "and I wonder that no one has come to my conclusion before, namely, that this strange animal shows an intelligent hatred of prison officials."

His tone was so significant of meaning that Sir Arthur started, exclaiming:

"You think then—"

"That the Water-Wolf is a man!"

"Your supposition appears almost incredible!" cried the young baronet. "It does not seem possible that a man could have been concealed within the great body of the Water-Wolf. And yet—"

"Was its shape such that a man could not have secreted himself within it?"

"No!" was the thoughtful response.

"Were its great claws or legs each large enough to admit the arm of a man?"

"More than large enough!"

"I believe you said its movements were shuffling and awkward."

"I said so."

"Then," declared Harold, "there is nothing to urge against my supposition. My suspicions are confirmed."

"But if the Water-Wolf be a man," inquired the young baronet, "why should he have come upon Amy in that disguise?"

"To frighten her into unconsciousness!" replied Harold, who had evidently well considered the subject in all its phases. "He probably knew that you would seek to enter his den, and so assumed this disguise and entered by the secret passage, desiring to make her swoon away, when he would carry her off. Her determined resistance baffled him, and he was obliged to retreat."

"He probably knew that I was seeking to enter the secret cave," repeated Sir Arthur, reflectively. "Why, you must mean then that John Gunnel, otherwise Jack Cattle, is the Water-Wolf!"

"Just so," assented Harold, nodding his head to give weight to his affirmation.

The young baronet paused abruptly, and regarded his friend for a few moments in silence, while he mentally recalled the appearance of the dreaded monster whom he had seen, and reviewed the manner and actions of Captain Coverly.

"I don't know but you are right, Harold," he said, slowly, after due consideration. "What are you going to do?"

"Keep my suspicions to myself for the present!" answered Harold as they resumed their slow progress up the hill. "It is my intention to claim the thousand pounds offered by the government as a reward for the capture of the Water-Wolf. Now if the monster be a man, as I think, he will keep pretty quiet until pursuit slackens. These fishermen about here will all be on the look-out for the animal, and while they are so engaged I shall search for the man! Once let me

get track of Gunnel, and I will dog his steps like a detective until I have confirmed or routed my suspicions."

"I wish you success, Harold," responded Sir Arthur. "The honour of having unearthed such a human monster will be a greater reward than the pecuniary result would be. I do not believe your idea has occurred to anyone else. Indeed, I am sure it has not, and no one can interfere with your success. But here we are."

They had come to the lodge-gates, which the keeper a gray-haired retainer of the family, threw open, with curious glances at the rusty chest carried so carefully between the two young gentlemen.

Harold greeted him with a kind word, as was his habit, and Sir Arthur bowed, and they then passed up the avenue, and entered the dwelling.

There was no one upon the veranda or in the hall, and they passed through to Harold's chamber unobserved.

Young Mayne locked the door behind them after they had entered the room, and turned the shutters so that his movements could not be observed. He then approached his guest, who was kneeling beside the now open chest.

"Let us turn the gold out and count it," he said.

Sir Arthur assented, and the coins poured out upon the bright green carpet, upon which they fell with musical clink, many of them rolling away over the floor.

Harold gathered them together with a boyish laugh, and they proceeded to count them, polishing some of the duller and dingier coins with a bit of leather, as they did so.

"A thousand pounds," announced the young baronet when they had completed the task, and the money lay before them in two hillocks. "There, Harold, that pile is yours and this mine. No refusal now. I have plenty, and shall doubtless have more. We are to make another excursion to-morrow, you know."

He pressed his friend to accept half the treasure, and Harold did so, thanking him heartily. They then placed it in an adjacent closet, under lock and key, and set about making their toilet for dinner.

The remainder of the day was spent in the drawing-room, where the young fortune-hunters related their adventures and success, receiving the congratulations of every member of the small family circle.

But although they detailed freely what they had done Sir Arthur did not drop a hint of his future movements, and Harold did not breathe one word of his suspicions concerning the Water-Wolf.

The following morning Gunnel and Gurley arrived at the manor soon after the breakfast hour, and found Sir Arthur and Harold waiting for them upon the boat of the latter.

The deck of the little craft was loaded with spades, chains and various other implements deemed necessary by the young baronet, and there was also a large basket filled with a bountiful supply of provisions, including roasted fowls and a bottle of champagne for the young gentlemen, and cold roast beef and two bottles of ale for their servants.

The men immediately came on board and entered upon their duties.

"Is there such an island as Two Cedar Island?" inquired Sir Arthur as the boat stood away to the westward, following the channel between St. George's and Smith's Island.

"Yes, certainly," answered Harold.

"I wish to go there."

"It is not far," remarked Harold. "It is south-east of Long Bird Island, towards Smith's. You know where it is, of course, Finch?" he added, turning to the attentive fisherman.

"Of course, sir, of course."

"Take us there then," said the baronet.

They held on their way until they were opposite the west end of Smith's Island, and then shaped their course to the south. In less than an hour after leaving the manor they were at Two Cedar Island.

It was about a hundred yards in diameter, nearly round, and almost destitute of verdure, with the exception of a little rank grass and some bushes in the centre, and the two trees from which it took its name.

These two trees had a stunted and blighted appearance, proceeding from their great apparent age, yet they were considerably sheltered from the winds by the bulwarks of rock and cliffs walling in the little island.

"We'll leave the men in charge of the boat," said Sir Arthur, "while we look about."

He gave an order accordingly to the two men, and went ashore with his friend.

"So those sorry things are the two cedars from which the island is named?" said the baronet, in a disappointed tone. "Why, it might as well have been named Bush Island!"

"The island was not named from these trees."

replied Harold. "There used to be two stately cedars here that served as landmarks to the fishermen. These trees are their descendants, and degenerate ones they are too. The name of the island, however, remains the same."

They walked away to the south of the isle, and Sir Arthur looked around him with a strange expression.

"I don't find here what I expected," he said. "An immense boulder, a jagged cliff, a narrow creek cutting the island in two. Can I have been mistaken? Let me see."

He drew his charts from his pocket, selected one from the roll, and proceeded to examine it with the minutest care.

"Perhaps you can assist me in my trouble, Harold," he said. "Let us study it together."

He spread the square piece of vellum upon a flat rock, deposited stones upon its four corners, and then sat down in front of it, Harold kneeling beside him.

The vellum was traced all over in double lines of red and black, representing islands and channels, but the principal feature was a small islet, upon which were rudely sketched two tall cedar-trees, a huge boulder resting upon the summit of an uneven and jagged cliff, a pile of stones after the fashion of a cairn, and a narrow creek cutting off from the islet a little peninsula.

"That's all plain enough," declared Harold. "It is called on the chart Two Cedar Island, and must mean this."

They looked earnestly around them, and not a feature of the island escaped their notice.

But their most earnest scrutiny could not detect one of the landmarks noted in the chart. There were no stately trees, no boulders crowning a jagged cliff, no pile of stones, no creeks, no peninsula even.

Their scrutiny of the scene ended, their gaze met, and Harold's eyes expressed as much disappointment as those of his friend.

"The chart is very old," he said, thoughtfully; "more than a hundred and twenty years. Perhaps at that time some other of these islets bore the name of Two Cedar Island. Plainly it cannot be this that was meant by the author of that chart."

"Certainly not," declared Sir Arthur. "And yet the situation of this islet corresponds with that in the chart. I fear, Harold, that I have lost my reckoning."

He spoke the words in a despairing tone, for he felt his loss to be more than they expressed. His non-success with his chart might simply be a sign of his non-success in his love for Amy—in his whole plan of existence, in fact.

He restored his chart to his pocket, but they did not immediately quit the islet. They spent hours wandering over the confined surface, loth to quit it, but they did so at last with heavy hearts.

But it was not to relinquish the search.

They examined all the other islands in the vicinity, and inquired of Gurley if he had ever heard of another Two Cedar Island, or of one bearing two cedars but known by another name. He replied in the negative, and they had recourse to questioning the aged fishermen of the vicinity, but no one was able to afford them any information.

Clearly, Sir Arthur had lost his reckoning.

Two days were passed in these anxious researches, and the young baronet had made himself familiar with a host of tiny islets, some of which presented one or two of the natural features ascribed to Two Cedar Island upon his mysterious chart, but none of them sufficiently corresponded with his design to satisfy his doubts.

Upon the evening of the second day, as they were sailing homeward, he said, gloomily:

"It's of no use, Harold. I must give it up, I fear. And with this search I give up all my dreams of a union with Amy Cranston; for I cannot offer her my hand while she is rich and I am poor—all my hopes of clearing my ancestral home from its mortgage, all my visions of a life of quiet happiness, all my anticipations of assisting you to wed your May and placing your parents in a state of pecuniary independence. It is very hard."

He leaned against the light railing that protected the little deck and looked gloomily into the water. And Harold stood beside him, his hand clasping that of the young baronet, unable to offer a word of hope or consolation.

It was indeed a dark hour for both.

(To be continued.)

POMPEII.—But a short time has elapsed since the report of the discovery of a vessel full of water in Pompeii. It has now been analyzed by Professor De Luca, and pronounced to contain the same proportions of oxygen and hydrogen as are found in common fountain water of the present day.

There can be no doubt that it was placed there so long ago as the reign of the Emperor Titus. A similar fact has occurred several times. In 1862 a fountain was discovered in the cortile of a house decorated with figures of wild boars, serpents, dogs, and masques. At the time that the catastrophe occurred the key of the fountain was turned round and the water shut in remained there. These figures are now amongst the bronzes in the Museum; but, unfortunately, in order to attach them more closely, a hole was made in the stomach of one of the animals, and the water escaped. Everyone too who has visited the Museo Nazionale will have observed a large key, once belonging to an aqueduct in the palace of Tiberius, in the Island of Capri. In the interior, just under the screw, still remains a quantity of water; and one of the surprises practised by the custode on the visitor is, to move the ponderous article backwards and forwards, and make the water rattle. If this mild element has been found several times amidst the ruins of Pompeii, wine never was until recently. Wonders upon wonders! A glass amphora was then turned up with three or four fingers' depth of wine still remaining. Of course it is in a state of condensation—not hard, but rather in a gelatinous state. This too has been sent to Professor De Luca, and we may expect in a few days to hear of the quality of the wines which were served at the tables of the Roman patricians.

OLIVER DARVEL.

CHAPTER LIVIII

HERMAN advanced to Mrs. Darvel, and commenced speaking, in a courteous tone:

"I trust you will pardon this intrusion, madam, but our anxiety to see our friends overcame all scruples, and we came without ceremony when we heard that my brother-in-law's family were at your house."

His eyes then fell on Mr. Darvel, and, in spite of the change in his appearance, he instantly recognized him. He stepped eagerly forward, exclaiming:

"Good heavens! so changed, yet you must be the same man. Ledru—no, Oliver Darvel—do we meet at last?"

Oliver heartily grasped his hand and said:

"I am glad to welcome you to Fernelly, Mr. Herman, for I am the husband of its mistress. Mrs. Darvel is the Miss Tilson of whom you have before heard. After one little week of wedded happiness we were violently separated, and forced to live asunder for years. After incredible sufferings I have been restored to her in time to prove that a deception was practised on you in the supposed death of the child we wot of. I can answer the terrible question I have so often been asked, to your entire satisfaction and my own. Do you wish me to do so now?"

"Of course I do—if it can be answered," said the bewildered Herman. "Where is the child?"

"She is here—a child no longer, but a fair and lovely maiden. Stand forth, Princess Irene, and let this gentleman behold in you not only the lawful heiress of Lichtenfels, but also the living image of your deceased mother."

Pale with emotion, Amy moved a few steps towards Herman, and he cried out, with irrepressible emotion:

"Good heavens! It is the duchess herself, as she appeared in her youngest and fairest days. How is this, sir? Where has the princess been kept during all these years? Did you conspire with Ingleby to deceive me, after all I had done for you? Yet, no—that was impossible."

"Yes, impossible," repeated Darvel, gravely. "Sit down, Mr. Herman, and listen to my sad and singular story since we last parted. That you recognize me is sufficient proof that the assurances I have given Mr. Rosen are well founded. Let me tell you though, in the beginning, that this young lady is my adopted daughter, and the betrothed of your step-son. How singularly the destiny of these two has been woven together in this strange land I will, with your permission, explain. Mr. Herman, I welcome you to Fernelly. If you will honour me by listening to my narrative you will soon understand how much cause we all have to be thankful to heaven for mercifully guiding us to the consummation at which we have arrived."

The party was soon grouped around him, and as briefly as possible Mr. Darvel related what is already known to the reader. When he came to his escape from the mad-house Herman interrupted him to explain how it had been brought about:

"At the command of the duchess I followed you to England to insure your safety, for she feared that you might again fall into the hands of your ruthless

persecutor. I traced you to your cousin's—learned that she had sold her property, and gone no one knew whither. By perseverance I discovered the marriage in Wales, and your departure for Liverpool. I followed you thither, but all trace of you seemed lost at that point. I was about to acquiesce in the belief that you had effected your escape to the colonies, when I accidentally encountered Latrobe in an obscure street in the city. We knew each other at once, and the rapidity with which he endeavoured to elude me convinced me that he knew more of you than he was willing to betray.

"I rushed upon him, seized him by the collar of his coat, and commanded him to go with me without noise or resistance, or it would be the worse for him. The trembling wretch obeyed me, and I took him to an ale-house in an obscure court near, and called for a private room.

"I then forced the truth from him. I learned that you had been kidnapped and placed in a mad-house, where every device that devilish ingenuity could devise was practised on you to force from you the secrets they believed in your possession, in spite of my assurances that the child was dead. To be brief, I learned Latrobe's price, paid it, and secured your freedom.

"It was my intention to see you myself before you left Liverpool, but a letter came to me summoning me to the bedside of my dying mistress, and I hastened back to Germany. I left money for you in the hands of Latrobe, with a request that you would endeavour to communicate with me after you reached your destination, let that be where it would."

"I never received that message; nor was any clue given to enable me to discover by whose efforts I had been released, though I know that only through you it could have been done."

"Go on, if you please, Mr. Darvel, and when you have come to a close I will explain what subsequently happened to myself, and how I came to emigrate to this country in search of happiness and peace."

Mr. Darvel resumed, and at the close of his narrative the deepest sympathy was expressed by his listeners. When he ceased speaking Herman said:

"You have suffered nobly in the cause of humanity, Mr. Darvel, and I am sure that no obstacle will arise to the acknowledgment of your *protégée* as the child so long and fruitlessly sought, so bravely withheld from her enemies at the cost of such suffering to yourself."

"I will now tell you what happened to myself on my return to Germany. I was barely in time to receive the last commands of my dear mistress; she never held up her head after the news of her daughter's death reached her. She perished in a rapid decline, leaving Prince Ernest to undisturbed sway over his imbecile uncle. After her death I knew that I was not safe from his vengeance, for I had no longer a powerful friend to protect me."

"I hastened to secure the handsome legacy the duchess bequeathed to me, and left the country as soon as possible. My heart drew me to this place, for here was the only woman I had ever loved. I knew that she had been the innocent victim of Prince Ernest's perfidy, and I considered Erminia Rosen as freed from all ties to him by his second marriage. But she did not view her position in the same light, and it was years before I could prevail on her to sanction an application for a divorce from the ecclesiastical courts. She finally consented, however, and became my wife."

"The climate did not agree with me, and I made my home in the colony. There we led a happy and contented life, till the startling news of the double tragedy at Lichtenfels came to me, with the information that Max would at last be acknowledged as his father's lawful heir. I took such steps as were necessary, and made immediate preparations for a departure for England, for it is important that Max shall be in his native land before the Elector dies. But we will leave the dying despot no chance to destroy the happiness of these dear children. We will have them united before we set out on our voyage and confront the prince with his new daughter, and the proofs of her identity in the same hour."

Max grasped his hand with a face radiant with happiness, and Amy gave him a single glance of tender gratitude which spoke volumes.

We will not dwell on the hours that followed. Each golden moment of them was winged with joy, and freighted with such fulness of content as only the long-tried can feel when they have at last gained the haven of their hopes.

At a late hour the party separated, with a promise to meet on the morrow at Rosenthal.

CHAPTER LXIX.

A SHIP was soon found to bear the heir of Lichtenfels to his fatherland, and preparations for the bridal were hastily made. Amy wished to be married in church; and on a bright morning in the golden height of summer she and Max stood before the altar, and, without pomp or parade, exchanged the vows which their hearts so deeply ratified.

Erminia Rosen acted as bridesmaid, and the two families were the only spectators. The bridal party came back to Fernely, and spent three days under that beloved roof before embarking on their voyage. Happy as were those days to Amy, they were touched with sadness, but already did she feel, as Mabel had assured her she would, that Max was all the world to her, and with him to sustain her she could bear a separation from all others with comparative calmness.

The cabin of a French ship bound for Marseilles was engaged for the party, and every possible arrangement made for the comfort of a long voyage. Mr. Rosen sold his business and his residence to a countryman of his own, and took with him bills of exchange for the whole amount. He had accumulated a handsome fortune in the land of his adoption, and looked forward to the enjoyment of it in his native country with much pleasure.

The parting between the young bride and her friends was a sad one, but the belief in a future meeting sustained her through it; for Amy would not give up the hope that Mr. Darvel would yet be induced to visit them in company with his wife and son, when she and Max were established in princely estate in their own court.

Oliver quietly permitted her to cherish this delusion, though he had irrevocably made up his mind never again to trust himself on a soil on which he had suffered so much persecution.

With favouring breezes and bright skies our lovers sailed out of the beautiful bay on whose shores lay the infant metropolis of the mighty power that at a future day was to influence the destinies of the world.

The voyage was long, but no storm was encountered, and at the close of the fifth week our travellers were landed in Marseilles in health and safety. A brief paragraph in a Paris paper under the head of news informed Herman that the Elector of Lichtenfels was lying very low, but that he might yet linger on for weeks.

Herman was extremely anxious to reach Lichtenfels, and present Max and his bride to his father before the scene closed on him. So he lost no time in making arrangements for the long journey that lay before them, and on the morning after they reached Marseilles the whole party set out for Lichtenfels.

In a large and lofty apartment, with the windows thrown wide open, and the velvet draperies looped back to admit every breath of air, lay the haughty Elector, now as helpless as a child, struggling with the ghastly conqueror whose icy hand was thrust forth to clutch him in its relentless grasp—whose chilling breath was freezing the life-current in his veins.

No one was near him but his physician and confessor. The latter sat holding his wasted fingers in his own, attempting to breathe consolation into the dulled ears, that scarcely heard him—into the trembling heart that was terror-stricken at the prospect of facing the dark record of crime he had laid up against himself.

In that hour his deserted wife and her maddened successor were more than avenged; and he lay groaning and writhing in impotent anguish both of mind and body.

The medical man approached, and, placing his fingers on the pulse of his patient, after a few moments he spoke in a guarded tone to the priest:

"He is sinking fast. I do not think he can last many hours. How long do you think it will be before his son can get here?"

"A courier came at noon announcing his speedy arrival," replied Father Joseph, in the same tone, "and I am listening every moment for the news of his arrival. Dear doctor, keep life in your patient till Prince Maximilian arrives, or I must reveal to the Elector the marriage of his son, and the secret of his wife's identity. She is said to be wonderfully like her mother, and I wish him to recognize her as her child, that the validity of the young Duchess of Lindorf's claim on the position she holds may not be doubted. If the Elector receive her in her true character every carping voice will be silenced as to the truth of her romantic story."

The physician nodded intelligently and said:

"I will do my best, for much depends on that."

Guardedly as they had spoken, the name of his son struck on the ear of the dying man. He suddenly aroused from the stupor that was creeping over him, and repeated:

"Max—my son—the only one left me—where is he? Why does he not come to me? There are three others—yes, three noble boys—but they all perished. They were removed to make room for him, for heaven knew how deeply I had wronged him. Oh, bitter has been my punishment."

His voice sank away into a faint whisper, and the physician hastened to administer the stimulating cordial he had poured out while the sick man rambled on in this disjointed manner. The two watched him carefully a short time, and then, at a sign from the medical man, Father Joseph moved with him a short distance from the bed. The doctor then whispered:

"From the indications I am sure the cordial I have just given him will prove a factitious strength that may last a few hours, or its stimulating effects may die out like a flash, taking life with it. It was, however, our only chance to serve the interests of the young princess. If they arrive within the next hour all will be well. If they do not you must speak the truth to the Elector and obtain his signature to the confession you have written down, with his asseveration that, to the best of his belief, the young lady who comes hither as his son's wife is the daughter of the Duke of Lindorf, and the lawful heiress to the inheritance of her grandfather. In all human probability, before the hour of midnight sounds, death will have claimed his victim."

The priest made a gesture of assent:

"I understand and know how important it is that the princess should be acknowledged by my penitent. I am prepared for the last emergency, for here is the confession made to me, with such additions as are necessary, ready to be produced at any moment."

As he spoke he put aside a fold of his black robe and showed a roll of manuscript hidden in his bosom. The doctor said:

"It is well that you are prepared. We can now only watch and wait."

They resumed their places, and the minutes glided slowly on, the profound silence of night only broken by the delirious mutterings of the dying man. At intervals he said:

"I thought that fate would not overtake me for years—years—strong in health, in power, I forgot that I was mortal; but the avenger found me. Oh! bitter—bitter—to be cut off thus by a woman's hand in the vigour of manhood—to have the slow venom of her hate distilled into my very blood, playing its deadly part after the hand that dealt the blow has mouldered into dust. Oh! it is too, too fearful! Yet I deserved it from her, poor maddened creature. Go away, Gertrude—leave me to die in peace, and don't stand there gibbering in that frightful manner. You have done your worst, and now you should be contented. Let my dark-eyed beauty come to me; don't thrust her back, for she too was my wife, and the babe she carries in her arms was mine. Look! oh! how could you stifle the breath of life that came from those innocent lips? Ha! what do you say?"

Large drops burst forth upon his brow as he suddenly raised himself and pointed towards the side of the room which lay in deep shadow. His voice assumed a tone of solemn horror that made the two listeners shiver, strong men as they were and accustomed to witness every shade of suffering to which mortality is liable.

"See—there is the phantom shape! It whispers awful words. Don't you hear her, father? There! she is no longer alone. Two other forms are floating towards her—they are my children—her children, and they point to the shade of Ilsema and cry, 'Our murderer—our murderer!' Oh, heaven! she shrinks away as if the charge were true! Can't you see them, doctor? there they are, as palpable to me as you are."

He sank back with a convulsive groan, and before the physician could reply a slight noise was heard in the court-yard below, which at once brought back the sick man from the world of shadows to the one in which he lingered.

He eagerly cried out:

"Max has come at last! I shall not die without beholding my heir. Ah! it is a brilliant future he comes to grasp—my hand has palsied at its strongest and dropped from it the glittering fortune I did so much evil to secure. But Max is my son—my eldest born—and I will not grudge him the inheritance I shall transmit to him. Who is that? Another mother!

But this one comes to claim her child at my hands. Oh, hide me! hide me from her accusing eyes!" And he covered down among the pillows.

Absorbed in listening to the maunderings of the unhappy Elector, neither of his attendants had observed that the door opening from the private passage which communicated with the cabinet was cautiously unclosed and four persons came noiselessly in.

Herman, who acted as guide to the others, quietly drew Amy forward and placed her in the opening between the curtains at the foot of the bed. The side folds had been drawn entirely back, and the light of the wax candles which burned on a table near the head of the bed fell full upon her person.

She had removed her hat, and, pale from fatigue and excitement, it was no marvel that the dying prince had mistaken her for her mother, as Herman had hoped he might.

Even the priest and physician felt a momentary thrill of superstitious terror as they beheld the living counterpart of the deceased Duchess of Lindorf standing before them; though they both instantly comprehended that the long-expected party had arrived, and understood the ruse by which Herman hoped to prepare the way for the recognition they were all so anxious to obtain.

Father Joseph tremulously asked:

"Who does your highness see?"

"My cousin's widow; the mother of that unfortunate child who was immolated at my command. Oh! if I could give her back to life how readily I would do so; yes, yes—even if she came to take from my son the wide lands I gained by putting her out of the way. But—good heavens; she does not menace me! she even smiles on me, and—and—who are those beside her?"

His voice sank away in a gasping sigh at the moment the curtains were lifted aside; and Max, with his arm around his mother on one side, and his wife on the other, Herman in the background, stood looking down compassionately on the pallid form that lay writhing before them in unspeakable agony of mind and body.

Father Joseph hastened to say:

"Compose yourself, my son. Look up again, and behold, not the phantom form of the Lady of Lindorf, but her daughter, living and happy as the wife of your son. Behold the young prince with his mother and his newly wedded bride."

For a few moments he feared that the shock of this revelation had proved too much for the weakened frame of the sick man; but the physician hastened to moisten his lips with a stimulating cordial, and he presently revived to perfect consciousness of all that was passing around him. He asked to be raised up and supported by pillows, and then, motioning to the three who stood together at the foot of his bed to come to his side, he spoke, in a clear voice:

"Tell me in a few words as may be how this apparent miracle has been wrought. The dead is alive, and good has come out of evil, in spite of all my efforts to overthrow the immutable law of Deity. Speak, my son; let me again hear the sound of that voice which for so many years has been only a memory to me."

"Father, give us your blessing, and then I will tell you all," said Max, in a voice of deep emotion.

He and Amy sank on their knees beside the couch, and, smiling faintly, the Elector placed his thin hands upon their bowed heads, and solemnly pronounced the blessing they asked. He faintly went on:

"It is not worth much, I am afraid, for I am a man who has rarely brought a blessing to those connected with me. I do not exactly understand how all this has been brought about; but I am sure that this young girl is the daughter of the Duchess of Lindorf, for the resemblance between them is marvellous. Erminia, come nearer to me; take my hand in yours once more; it has the chill of death upon it, but you will not shrink from its pollution now."

She sank down beside the bed, and laid her face upon the hand he held towards her. He felt her warm tears upon it, and sadly said:

"I have not deserved that you should weep for me; for I was a base miscreant to you, who were the wife of my youth—yes, my true and lawful wife; and our son I acknowledge as my lawful heir. I have done what I could to repair the wrong I so heartlessly inflicted, and I feel the assurance that your tender woman's heart will forgive the repentant sinner who asks pardon for the sufferings he has made you endure."

"It is granted—it is granted," sobbed Mrs. Herman, in overwhelming agitation.

Max raised his mother, and, placing her on a seat near the bed, whispered a few words to her which had the effect of calming her in some measure, and then Herman came forward.

That the Elector knew him was evident, for a faint gleam of anger shone in his faded eyes, and he cried:

"You here! Whence came you, and where have you hidden yourself from my vengeance so long?"

"Vengeance is mine and I will repay," said Herman, with reverent emphasis. "Where I have lived matters not. I have come hither with your son and his wife to prove to you that an overruling Providence has baffled all your efforts to keep the heiress to the station from the right you have so long usurped; that through her your son will acquire the inheritance of their common ancestors."

The momentary flash of spirit died out as soon as it had arisen, and the Elector almost humbly said:

"Go on—I am listening, and anxious to understand how this consummation was brought about."

In as concise terms as possible Herman obeyed, for he saw from the increasing ghastliness of the listener's face that no time was to be lost.

When he had finished the dying man gasped:

"It is wonderful—wonderful—and I am sure it is true. You never lied to me, Herman, though you were false in other respects, and I believe every word you have told me. Father Joseph, come close to me, and hasten to obey my wishes. Prepare a paper acknowledging the identity of my son's wife with the Princess Irene. I will sign it, and then my earthly work will be done."

"It is already prepared, your highness, for I was warned beforehand that it would be required. I have it here with me."

"That is well, for I have not many moments to live in which to make such reparation as I now can. Bring me the box you will find in yonder cabinet, and open it with this key that hangs around my neck."

Both requests were complied with, and the Elector took from the box the long-concealed certificate of his first marriage. He placed it in the hands of Mrs. Herman and said:

"This restores to you the good name I so remorselessly tarnished, and will prove to the world the legitimacy of our son. Now place the paper before me, Father Joseph, that I may sign it before sight and sense both fail me."

The priest hastened to obey. The confession embracing what he had himself revealed, and also a brief record of the remarkable preservation of the young princess, with a complete recognition of the identity of Amy with the lost child, was placed before him. With difficulty was his signature traced by the rapidly stiffening fingers, and then, sinking back, the expiring prince said:

"It is finished."

With these words his spirit passed away. At first they thought he had only fainted; but all the efforts of the physician to revive him proved abortive. Herman drew his weeping wife from the chamber of death, taking Amy with them, and Max accompanied Father Joseph into his father's private cabinet, to meet the chief noblemen of the court, who awaited there the news of the Elector's death and an introduction to the new heir.

They were already prepared to recognize the claims of Max, and the majority of them gladly welcomed a change from the fretful hypochondriac, who of late years presided over the few festivities allowed in the court, to the frank, genial-looking young man who met them as if he had known them from his boyhood.

Prince Maximilian and his wife were jointly proclaimed as the rulers of Lichtenfels, and when the young Electress appeared in public no one was found to doubt that she was really the descendant of the long line she represented, for all her personal traits too conclusively proved her lineage to those who had known her parents.

Long and happily did these princely lovers live and reign, not only in the hearts of each other, but in those of the people they were called upon to rule. Sons and daughters grew up around them, noble as their father, and handsome as their mother, and all things prospered with the good Elector as Max was called.

Erminia Rosen became Grafine of Lansdorf, and her parents were satisfied that she was not only brilliantly but happily married. They quietly enjoyed the position bestowed on them by their grateful nephew, but claimed nothing from him on the score of their early kindness to him.

Through the consideration for his wife, Herman consented to accept the title bestowed on him by his

step-son. He wished that she who had been the unacknowledged wife of the late Elector should at least have an ascertained position in the court of her son. The calm sense and large experience of both husband and wife were of signal service to Max in the early days of his power, for he was always ready to listen to and profit by their advice.

Oliver Darvel and his wife never again saw their adopted daughter, though they kept up a constant intercourse by letter, and in time each family contented itself by knowing that the other was prosperous and happy.

Amy's vacant place in the household was filled by a baby daughter, and a few years later another son was given to them.

Mrs. Minturn remained with them to the end of her life, an honoured and beloved inmate. In his new sphere Oliver found the quiet happiness he valued, and the peace of later years almost atoned for the stormy experience through which it had been won.

THE END.

A MODERN TANTALUS.

A USEFUL moral may be enforced by a story told of M. de Beaumont, the financier, who built the Elysée Bourbon, and fitted it up in a style of luxury that made it one of the wonders of Paris. An Englishman obtained leave to visit it, and on entering the dining-room saw a table magnificently laid out.

"Your master," he observed to the *maitre d'hôtel*, "makes wonderfully good cheer."

"Hélas, sir, my master never sits down to a regular dinner. A single plate of vegetables is prepared for him."

"Here, at least, is food for the eye," said the visitor, pointing to the pictures.

"Hélas, sir, my master is nearly blind."

"Well," resumed the Englishman, on entering the second suite, "he compensates himself by listening to good music."

"Hélas, sir, my master has never heard the music which is played here; he goes to bed early in the hopes of snatching a few minutes' sleep."

"But at all events he enjoys the pleasure of walking in that magnificent garden."

"Hélas, sir, he cannot walk."

In a word, the supposed Lucullus was leading the life of Tantalus; for all purposes of enjoyment the millionaire was the poorest of the poor.

LETTER FROM THE EMPRESS TO MR. PEABODY.—Mr. Peabody has received from the Empress Eugénie an autograph letter complimenting him for the munificent liberality he has displayed on both sides of the Atlantic, and characterizing him as "the great benefactor of humanity."

LIGHTHOUSES IN CONSTRUCTION.—There are now six lighthouses in process of construction by the British Government—one situated on the Little Basses Rock at Ceylon; one on the Roman Rocks at the Cape of Good Hope; two in the Bahamas, on Castle Island and Imaguig Island; one on Sombrero Island; and one on the Dellamara Point at Malta.

RUSSIAN GIPSIES.—In the saloon at the end of the suite of rooms we found seated a company of some forty gypsies. The faces were the same as those which Londoners know so well at Ascot and Epsom; but, instead of being dressed in rags and tatters, these gipsy men and women were clad in rich silks and gorgeous colours, which contrasted strangely with their dark olive skin and tawny hands. Here, as much as in Hungary, England, France or Italy, or in any country where I have seen them, they looked as ever "a strange people in a strange land." Tawdry and yet not vulgar, brazen-looking and yet not immodest in aspect, without breeding of any kind and yet not affected, they sat as unconcerned before the royal party they were summoned to amuse as if they had been encamped on Wandsworth Common or stealing their way between the carriages before the stand on the Derby day. Some had beads and some had jewels, some wore silk and others cotton; but they all alike looked aliens to our modern costume and manners. The women, seated in a circle, gazed upon the scene with their large, dark, lascivious eyes, as if they possessed a sort of magic power to attract those who looked upon them. The men stood behind, tambourine in hand, still, and to all outward look, utterly unconcerned. Then the governor gave the signal and the entertainment began. It is impossible to describe it in words. A long, low, guttural cry from the mouths of all the women seemed to open the ball; sometimes wailing, sometimes piercing in shrillness, but always fitted to a strange, weird harmony, the sound of many voices rose and fell. Then one or two of the handsomest and youngest took up their dialogue in a sad sing-

song tone, and then, before you exactly knew when song changed to motion, the women were whirling round in a wild, fantastic measure. The strange feature was that their feet hardly seemed to move. The arms were thrown forwards and up and down again, the head rocked to and fro, the body quivered, the shoulders shook, and with every pulsation of the frame the chorus of seated women shrieked in unison. Somehow the feet moved, but you could scarcely trace their motion. If you fancy a woman walking in her sleep, half fastened to one spot with terror, half maddened with a fever of passion which sets in motion every muscle of her frame, you will form some idea of that gipsy dance which began with a cry and ended with a scream. When the spasm was over the women seemed to subside at once into their wonted apathy, and listened languidly enough to the compliments paid them by their Russian admirers. Indeed, except a curiosity to see the Prince of Wales, I could not observe any trace of their taking an interest in what, to them, must have been an unwonted spectacle. The dances were repeated several times. —A Month in Russia during the Marriage of the Czarevitch. By Edward Dicey.

VIRGINIA.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE town house which had once been the property of Amos Lander was a small building, old in itself, but to which modern improvements had given an air of elegance more than in keeping with the time. It was surrounded by a small garden over-run with a luxurious variety of roses, so rare and well cultivated that they sometimes outbloomed the summer. Since Mr. Lander's death these roses had been permitted to run riot in their rich blossoming.

Great branches of the running species broke loose and shook themselves free of restraint, dashing showers of leaves and petals about whenever a high wind swept over them. The veranda, which was a delicate network of iron, had a straggling, neglected appearance.

This semi-desolation prevailed when Cora Lander unlocked the gate and passed through, holding up her black dress from the tangle of scarlet verbenas that had crept over the pathway.

Cora cast a disapproving glance at all this neglect and rag the bell, which required some effort, for the wire was getting rusty. After awhile the door was opened and a woman, evidently just from an ill-kept kitchen, asked abruptly what the lady wanted.

"I am Miss Lander," said Cora, passing by the woman and entering the house with a haughty feeling of proprietorship. "My aunt told me that someone was left in charge here. Are you the person?"

"I suppose so, marm," answered the woman, distrustfully.

"Where is the key of this room?" inquired Cora, shaking one of the parlour doors, which was too closely fitted for any yielding to her effort. "The door is locked—where is the key, I say?"

"In my pocket, marm," said the woman, thrusting one hand into the pocket of her dress and doggedly holding it there. "How am I to know who you are? Miss Lander was drowned with her father, how can you be her then?"

"I tell you I am Miss Lander, the owner and mistress of this house. Open the door, I say."

Still the woman hesitated; imperious as the command was it failed to intimidate her.

"I have seen Miss Lander," she said, "but it was nigh upon eight years ago. How can I tell, especially as she was drowned with her father, to say nothing of being burned up?"

"If you have seen Miss Lander," said Cora, who was anxious to take possession without disturbance, "you will remember something about her. Was she at all like this?"

Cora took off her bonnet, pushed the masses of ruddy hair back from her temples and turned her face on the woman.

"I—I—yes—yes, she did look like that as much as a green apple can look like a ripe one; but it isn't a handsome face that I would give up my keys to. But that ring on your finger, I've seen that many and many a time on the old gentleman's hand. He left it with the madam, I know, and if she could give it to you I can open the door, and will, right or wrong."

The woman then unlocked the door and flung it open with a bang.

"Go in," she said, following Cora into the darkened room. "Go in, and I'll open the shutters."

Directly a flood of light was let in, subdued a little by the thick leafiness of the veranda, but quite sufficient to reveal a dusty parlour, well furnished,

but with a good deal that was old-fashioned and faded about it.

"That will do," said Cora, casting a half-scornful glance around her. "Unlock the other rooms, I must see them all."

The woman obeyed, for, with her bonnet off, Cora had enough of the Lander in her face to satisfy a more careful person of her identity.

"They've been shut up a good while, and ain't in over good order," she said, as Cora took up her lace parasol from the piano, where she had placed it, and brushed the dust away. "But madam hasn't been here since Mr. Lander died, and it's of no use arranging for people if they won't come. This room is the back parlour, half full of books, for Mr. Lander dearly loved reading. That's his pictor over the fire-place."

Cora started as a stream of light poured through the window close by her and fell on the portrait of Amos Lander, whose eyes seemed bent mournfully upon her. Something like a pang of remorse seized upon the girl for a moment, and, putting one hand to her side, she uttered a faint cry of absolute pain. Those mild eyes seemed to follow her with reproaches which she could not bear.

"Close the shutters," she cried out, sharply; "you throw in light enough to blind one."

The woman fumbled awkwardly at the blinds, and secured them at last, slowly throwing a sinister light over the picture, which took a stern, threatening aspect from the change. Cora Lander felt a cold chill creeping over her, and the sensation made her angry.

"Will you never have done?" she said, leaning over the woman. "I have seen enough to know that everything shall be changed here. Now lead the way upstairs."

"There is a dining-room, and—"

"I know, I know, but this air is oppressive. Upstairs it may be more cheerful."

Cora shivered as she thus abruptly spoke to the woman, and when she went into the hall her very lips were cold and pale. The picture had reached even her heart.

The chambers, like the lower portion of the house, were furnished after the fashion of years ago. She remembered each object, and to her own surprise felt a sort of terror at approaching them. They had been so closely associated with the man whose only child she was wronging that each article seemed an embodiment of her crime. After passing through the upper rooms in haste she came down again, and, pausing in the hall, addressed the woman.

"Have a room made ready; I shall sleep here to-night. Get a cup of tea, and anything else you like, ready for me a little after seven. If there is anything in the house you fancy set it aside and have it for your own. But make your selection at once, for to-morrow I shall have all this old-fashioned furniture moved out and new put in. Don't be surprised and open your eyes so. Take what you want and as much as you care for. Have your wages been paid?"

"Yes, marm, up to this week."

"Do you live here alone?"

"My husband comes home at nights."

"That will do. Tell him to look out a residence of some kind for you. The furniture is already provided. I will pay a year's rent in advance and give you a month's wages. Stay to see all this trumpery removed, then go to your new home. I shall not want you an hour after that."

"But, miss, consider. Who will take care of the house?"

"No matter about that. I may sell it—rent it, or shut it up entirely. At all events no one will be wanted to keep watch and ward."

"Dear me, what a change!" exclaimed the woman, lost in astonishment. "This comes of the old going out and the young coming in their footsteps. I'm much obliged for the furniture—much obliged, but it does seem strange."

"Don't trouble yourself about that. As I estimate it you have no reason to complain. Take what you want for this new home of yours. Call in a second-hand furniture-dealer to buy the rest. He can give the money to you for aught I care, and have the house empty by to-morrow at noon."

"Everything—must I take everything, miss?"

"Yes, everything."

"What, Mr. Lander's picture—must I sell that?"

Cora hesitated, turned pale, and then, with an air of desperation, answered:

"Yes, that above all things."

"What, sell your own father's picture, miss?" said the woman, looking at Cora with disgust.

Cora shrank back as if the woman had given her a blow. She had not been sufficiently on her guard with this woman, who could feel what she had forgotten. A crimson flush passed over her face at the thought. Then her quick wit asserted itself.

"It is not a good likeness. I do not prize a portrait which distorts its object. That is why I wish it taken down."

"Oh!" said the woman. "His daughter is the best judge, but it seemed to me natural as life."

Cora changed the subject with a motion of her hand.

"I saw a little room over the hall," she said, "with things in it that seemed newer than the rest—at any rate there is nothing that I remember to have seen before; have that ready for me to sleep in. Tell your husband to find out some good gardener and have all these straggling vines and bushes tied up, properly cut and roll what little grass there is and trim the flower-beds. There is a marble fountain in the garden dry as a desert. Have the water thrown in and order the gardener to bring some aquatic plants."

"Some what, marm?"

"Plants that live with their roots in the water—some of those broad-leaved Ethiopian lilies, and—and—He will know best what to bring—I want mosses too, and plenty of fern roots—but I will speak with the gardener myself. Let your husband find one to-day, I will give him my directions in the morning."

The woman, still half bewildered, promised all that she required, but she did it all like one in a dream. She could hardly believe it a reality when Cora entered the hired carriage she had left before the gate and drove away.

It is true money can almost annihilate time itself. By the terms of that will found in Amos Lander's room his daughter came into full possession of her property, with all its uses, at once. The will had been admitted to probate without question, and a large sum of money was found in one of the banks subject to her order. Never in her life before had she possessed personal control of large sums of money. Like most other young persons under the protection of their elders she had found all her wants supplied without much responsibility. Her dependant position had made this irksome. From day to day she had longed for the independence which money gives—thirsted to spend gold without a thought of economy or fear of questioning.

Virginia had never yet known this feeling, and her indifference, no doubt, sprang out of a position directly opposite to that of her cousin. She would have felt no pleasure in the excitement which burned in scarlet on Cora's cheek and made her eyes sparkle like stars.

The first thing that Cora Lander did was to search for an office, and inquire for servants of a certain class, peculiarly difficult to obtain. A woman of education and some refinement, not very young nor really handsome, but to a certain extent a gentleman, was particularly wanted. Her duties would be manifold, but then there was no trouble about compensation to a person that suited. She would be expected to act as housekeeper for a very small family, as lady-maid when such services were required, and, indeed, make herself generally useful, but no really hard labour would be required of her.

The man shook his head. He knew plenty of housekeepers, and lady-maids without number; but the exact combination of qualities desired by the young lady was not easily found.

"But when I tell you that wages are of no consequence for the woman I am in search of, will not that secure her?"

The gentleman at the desk removed the pen from behind his ear, ran it down page after page of a book he opened, paused, looked up, then shook his head, answering Cora's eager question if he had found what she wanted despondingly.

There was a person that might have answered perhaps, only she was a foreigner, just arrived. That would answer. Was she lady-like? Did she dress well? Was she a trifle ugly?

The young lady had almost described the person in his mind. She was lady-like, about thirty-five, and dressed neatly, as a lady should, but there was one fatal drawback, she spoke no English.

Spoke no English, there was no objection to that; indeed it was rather a recommendation—but what language did she speak? German and a little French. Better and better. Where was the person? She would be wanted immediately. In the neighbourhood—how fortunate! What was her name?

"Alice Ruess."

"Married or single?"

Indeed the man behind the desk could not tell but she looked like a woman who had known trouble, so he thought that she was or had been married.

"Would he send for the person at once?"

"A boy had already gone—would the young lady sit down and wait?"

Cora sat down within the sacred enclosure which held the desk and its proprietor, who was averse to

losing time, and so turning round on his stool made some professional inquiries regarding the other servants that had been inquired for.

A good laundry-woman and the best cook that could be procured for money. There might be a little time given for a first-class chambermaid, but these two were indispensable.

The man at the desk had his eye on exactly the persons wanted. Would it be any objection if the laundry-woman was Irish?

No, that would be an advantage.

Then there would be no trouble about the matter. A cook and laundry-woman would be at hand—but what name? Where should they be sent? Mrs. Seymour, No. — Street. Just in time—here comes the German woman, all in black and neat as a new pin. Cora half arose from her seat and saw a well-formed, light-haired, and blue-eyed woman, neither handsome nor ugly, but with a worn and rather sad expression, coming into the office.

Cora addressed Alice Ruess at once, but, a little to the man's disappointment, she used neither French nor English, but spoke to the woman in German.

The conversation was not long, half that Cora wished to say was left for another time; but she studied that face well, and, drawing her own conclusions therefrom, hired her at once, depending rather on what she supposed than on anything she knew of her fitness for the place.

When the preliminaries were arranged Cora gave a careful examination of the dress worn by her new recruit, and without further ceremony requested her to step into her carriage, which stood at the door. A morning of tiresome shopping was before her, and she wanted a companion.

Alice Ruess was ready. She was afraid her alpaca dress was not quite good enough, but if the lady did not object to that nothing would give her more pleasure than a drive. So the two went out together, followed by the proprietor of the office, who opened the carriage door for them, Cora leaving a bank-note, as his share of the transaction, on his desk.

Feeling for the first time all the importance of a large banking account, Cora drove from shop to shop, giving prodigal and almost unlimited orders for the adornment of a house not yet divested of its costly old-fashioned furniture.

She made all her purchases in the name of Mrs. Alice Ruess, who was a stranger in the city, she said, and speaking no English, had entreated aid in furnishing a house she had taken. Her friend was wealthy, she asserted, and cared little for prices. She only stipulated regarding the time—that was important to her—everything must be done at once. Three days were the latest moment she could give.

This Cora said as she went from shop to shop, buying costly hangings, carpets, china, linen, pictures, statuettes, bronzes, and all the multifarious articles that go to make up a sumptuous establishment.

"Crowd the house with as many workmen as you please," she said; "my friend does not care for the confusion, but in three days her house must be in order. Beyond that time she cannot wait."

The dealers promised, one and all. A customer who gave such unlimited orders, and was so indifferent to prices, did not often fall in their way. Of course everything else must be put aside for her accommodation.

Alice Ruess behaved beautifully, taking just as much interest in these proceedings as seemed becoming, and paying a quiet attention to what passed, which convinced the dealers that she was not altogether indifferent to the value of their goods or an incompetent judge of their quality.

Indeed she once or twice prevented Cora buying an inferior article, for with all her prodigality that young lady was rash and inexperienced, as youth will be, and really required the quiet counsellor who moved at her elbow.

Of course all the conversation which passed between these two was carried on in French, and, pleading her friend's ignorance of our currency, Cora paid the bills in cash as she went.

Thus Cora Lander went on with the sad-faced German woman by her side, receiving what seemed to others the reflected homage of her friend's wealth; but knowing that it was all her own she enjoyed it to the utmost. Never in her life had she felt the power of property so exultantly. Truly, if crime produced such results she was content to be criminal.

Among other things Cora purchased such things as could be worn indoors. She hated the deep mourning which was in fact a part of her fraud, and resolved to cast it off in the privacy of her married life.

If she could help it no one thing should remind her of the days that were gone or the man whose wealth she was squandering. Among dressmakers and milliners, as with the rest, money proved itself omnipotent.

There was no danger that Cora Lander's nuptials, private as they must be, would cloud themselves with mourning. It was dark when Cora returned to the house, which seemed gloomy as a sepulchre to her, for with all its memorials of the past it was in truth a dreary place for one who knew its history, and who sometimes felt the weight of a perpetual sin on her conscience. She had left Alice Ruess at her boarding-house and was quite alone.

She found the woman and her husband ready to receive her. "Those movables" had at last settled themselves upon their conviction. They only feared that she might change her mind and withdraw her promise, which would, in fact, secure a little fortune to them. Hoping to please her, they had lighted up the dining-room and spread a somewhat dainty repast there, but she could remember sitting by that table with her uncle and mother, when they were all a united family. Then the widow and her little girl were grateful for the shelter that good uncle had so kindly given them, and opened their hearts to his daughter with maternal and sisterly affection. The very last time she had been at that table Mr. Lander had given her the watch she wore, with words of such gentle affection that she remembered how thickly grateful tears had crowded to her eyes. Now she was in that room again, but how? An impostor, a swindler, a scoundrel. For the moment she became conscious of all this, and saw herself as she was.

The chandelier burned brightly over her head, revealing familiar pictures on the wall and pouring a flood of light on the silver, glass and delicate china, which had been brought forth and polished for her use.

A delicately cooked and well-selected repast stood temptingly ready. Near the table waited the woman who would be enriched on the morrow. She bore the consciousness of this on her smiling face. Before the women a large oyster chair had been drawn, tempting a weary guest with its crimson cushions. Cora was tired and hungry, for she had eaten nothing since morning. She threw her crape bonnet and black shawl on a sofa, peached the hair away from her temples with both hands with a feeling of relief, for she had worn the bonnet since morning, and sat wearily down in the chair.

The woman came forward and poured some tea into the china cup, with its exquisite whiteness enriched by a deep border of gold and purple.

"I hope the tea will suit you," she said, obsequiously, for the promise of to-morrow was still in her mind. "It is hard to get cream here; but my old man found some. Take a cake; I wasn't exactly the cook, but as a little girl you used to like my cakes."

Cora helped herself to one of the cakes and began to drink her tea with a relish. She was far too weary for conversation, and allowed the woman to talk on, scarcely heeding her.

"I suppose you remember the silver," said the woman, coming gradually round to a question she was longing to ask.

"Yes," answered Cora, glancing wearily at the tea-set; "I remember when my aunt bought it."

"Your aunt, miss!" exclaimed the woman. "Why she never brought the value of a silver thimble into this house. That tea-set was made especially for your mother not a year before she died."

A faint crimson flashed over Cora's face, but she answered, quietly enough:

"Did I not say my mother? Surely I could have mentioned no one else; though I am so weary that the words change on my lips."

"You said aunt, young lady, and seemed to connect her with an idea of silver plate, a thing I'll be bound she never saw till she came to this house. I'm poor enough, goodness knows, but, if folks tell true, that lady, with all her airs, didn't come up to me in the way of property, and never would have done if it hadn't been for your father, who was as good to her as good can be, to say nothing of her daughter, who was the spitefullest, worst-tempered young 'un that I ever waited on. Has she got over them tantrums of hers, miss, I'd like to know?"

"She—my cousin—of whom are you speaking, woman?" cried Cora, flashing an angry glance over the table.

"Dear me, how much you look like her this minute!" replied the woman, laughing nervously. "Nothing on earth could be more lovely than your disposition. I never saw that look on your sweet face before in my life. It's got by living with her so long, I suppose. When she was good-natured, no one could tell you apart hardly; but when she got the evil one agoing you were no more alike than chalk and cheese. I could always tell you apart by the temper."

Before the woman ceased speaking the angry flash had been forced back from Cora's face, and a smile stirred her lips.

"I loved my cousin very much," she said, sweetly. "She was a little quick at times."

"It wasn't exactly what I should call quick," said the woman.

"No, no, perhaps not; but I am sorry to tell you she is not altogether right in her mind."

"Well, now, did you ever—I shouldn't wonder. She had a sort of disposition that never suited me, and then her mother made it worse and worse, indulging her so."

"It was injudicious, I daresay; but Aunt Lander suffers for it now," answered Cora, leaning her head sadly on one hand. "It is a terrible thing to see a young creature like my cousin out of her mind."

"Speaking about the silver," said the woman, coming desperately around to her personal interests again. "I suppose you would like that to be kept—not thrown in with the rest, I mean. Then there is the china, and glass, and ivory-handled knives. Shall I keep them back too?"

"What are you saying—what is it about, the silver?" inquired Cora, starting out of her amiability, a little too abruptly.

"I was asking if you wished to keep that and the—"

"Keep that, no! Glass, china, knives—have I not told you to send everything out of my sight? They take away my appetite—they torment me! If I hadn't been as hungry as a wolf I could not have endured them, even for one meal."

She spoke with startling emphasis, and was pale with some suppressed feeling. The woman, though well pleased with her words, stood gazing upon her in dumb surprise. What could have angered the young lady so?

Again Cora caught that look and saw danger in it—the great danger of perfect recognition. With a power of self-control that crime had taught her, she gradually softened down from the peridious vehemence which she felt to be so unwise.

"I have a detestation of old things," she said; "silver among the rest. Besides, it was my father's wish that the furniture of this house should be changed entirely. I but carry out what I know would have been his wishes, and feel they will be obeyed, when I give them to a faithful servant like yourself."

The woman's face brightened and her voice bespoke the contentment that had come upon her with this understanding of all her anxieties regarding the smaller valuables of the establishment.

"I'm sure so long as I and my husband live we shall be grateful to you, miss, and the good gentleman who is gone, for all your kindness."

Cora laughed a light, half-mocking laugh, which stung the woman, who was proud in her way.

"Oh, I did not do it out of kindness, and don't want to be troubled with gratitude, if such a thing exists in the world. I have deprived you, or shall deprive you of a good place, and mean to pay you well for it."

"But your father, if he wished us to have the things, was kind."

"My father—I had forgotten."

"Forgotten your own father, and sitting in the chair he used when at this table. I placed it for you on purpose."

Cora dropped her knife so suddenly that it broke a piece from the plate she was eating from. She turned in the chair, saw its heavy oak carvings and its crimson cushions as she had seen them a hundred times when her uncle's form rested against them. She turned very faint, and, starting up, pushed the chair away with all her strength. It seemed as if she were beating her hands against a tombstone.

"What is the matter, miss? What is it frightens you so?"

Cora forced a smile to her white lips.

"Nothing—nothing—I think your tea was strong enough to make me nervous. Good-night; if my room is ready I will go to it an once."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

It was finished. Money, the great magician, had done its work, and a prettier place than that modernized little house in the heart of a great city could not well be met with. The grounds were all in order—the straggling rose-bushes were confined to their trellises and supporters once more—the great mound of heliotrope and verbenas was trimmed at the edges, and its glowing crimson and purple filled the eye with beauty and the air with perfume.

The fountain was in full play; its bright waters cooled the air, and its basin was garlanded two feet deep with plants massed in rich combinations of colour. Green mosses drank in the sparkling waters and covered the pots which contained the plants so richly that the whole great wreath of blossoms seemed to take life from its greenness. It was late in the season, but spring time, summer and autumn

seemed to meet in that little nook of ground, turning it into a Paradise.

At the back of the house was a high iron fence, over which a Virginia-creeper swept in and out, forming draperies inexpressibly graceful, which the first breath of autumn had turned crimson at the edges, where the leaves were most exposed. This background of green and crimson foliage was like a picture. The burning red more than replaced all the flowers that had perished.

Indoors the change was even greater. Upholsterers, painters and artists had done their work well. It seemed impossible that so much could have been completed in three days. But many hands had been busy on the ceilings, the walls and the floors—all that money, taste or labour could do had been forced into that young creature's service that her wedding might combine everything within the reach of a sensuous imagination. It was finished now—complete in all its appointments. Not a vestige of the old furniture remained; everything was new, fresh and the most exquisite of its kind.

On the fourth day two servants came into the house—a man who seemed to speak any language but the French, and a woman who could converse with him brokenly, but her native tongue was German. Later in the day another woman came. On this woman the other two looked with supreme contempt.

In the basement these three persons met for the first time. They had been engaged in different places, and neither of them had ever met before. As for the man, she could not understand a word that the others said, but she was shrewd enough to understand the sneers and contempt in their lifted shoulders and mobile eyebrows, and in her heart resented it, calling them poor trash in the depths of her soul, which epithet, in its supreme contempt, was a full equivalent for their shrugs and sidelong glances.

When these three had looked on each other sufficiently they felt a desire to investigate such appointments of the household as belonged to their individual callings.

The man took went into a critical examination of sauce-pans, kneading-boards, jelly moulds, and freezers. Everything was there, and the most perfect of its kind.

The cooking-apparatus was perfect, and covered with ever-so-many patents attesting the fact. Limy water flowed abundantly through silver faucets, lights came in from the most desirable point.

At first the Frenchman was a little disappointed. He had hoped to find some deficiency to shrug up his shoulders at, and spread his hands over in horrified amazement; but the perfect arrangement of everything took him by surprise. His hands and shoulders were lifted in astonishment. His admiration was uttered in bursts of French quite unintelligible even to the German woman.

"Great heavens, what perfection! and here too! In Paris it would be nothing, but outside, across the channel, it is wonderful! This lady must be a genius; I am honoured in serving her; she will appreciate the delicate aspirations which I shall give to her palate. There will be pleasure in exercising my art for her. Heavens! I have dropped into Paradise!"

The Frenchman sat down, smiling complacently on his little kingdom. He longed to share his exultation with someone, and looked around for the German woman, who had, however, left the room. But Hager, the Irishwoman, was there, standing in the doorway of the laundry, where she had been to inspect the stationary tubs and water-faucets. Their completeness brought a smile to her face and revealed a row of teeth, white as ivory.

The Frenchman was willing to put up with this auditor if no better could be found. He burst forth in a torrent of French, broken up in ejaculations, which drove the smile completely from Hager's face. She thought that he was scolding her, and grew frightened. Seeing that this was the result of his eloquence, he subsided into gesticulations and grimaces, which made the woman laugh till her sides shook. She was a plump, comely woman, and the laugh that heaved her full bust had all the mellowness of a deep contralto voice just as it burst forth.

The Frenchman was in despair. What was the use of being supremely satisfied if no one would join in that satisfaction with him? That sort of laughter was not sympathy.

Just then the German woman came back to the kitchen. She had been upstairs to examine the chambers and the toilet arrangements. They were superb she reported, with an animation almost equal to that of the Frenchman. Bohemian glass, mounted with pure gold; a dressing-case of malachite with such appointments! gold, gold, gold—nothing but gold—all contrasting so richly with the clouded green of the malachite; she had never seen anything more superb—she, who had possessed the honour of waiting on many a lady of rank in her time. In this



[CORA AND MR. LANDER'S CHAIR.]

country it was wonderful—beyond belief! She could not understand it! The lady they were to serve must be some princess to whom privacy was an object. At any rate they had all been very fortunate.

Cora swept through the hall and down the stairs in haste. She had only seen her new servants at the offices, and wished to give them directions.

The Frenchman and his companion both arose as she entered the kitchen. Since they had seen the house the new mistress had become an object of great curiosity to them.

"Your name is Alice Ruess, I think?" she said, addressing the woman. "I wish to speak with you."

Alice arose and followed her mistress.

"Sit down," she said, addressing Alice. "Understand I look upon you as half mistress of this house; in fact no other mistress must be known, at least for the present."

"Madam!" exclaimed Alice, surprised out of all composure, "I do not understand."

"But you must understand. I shall live in this house, be its mistress, and your mistress in fact, but it is a fact that must not exist outside these walls. To the world you are Mrs. Ruess, the mistress of the house. Your name will be upon the door. When the mistress of the house is inquired for you must present yourself."

"But, madam, I have no money—no means."

"I will find the money and pay the bills that are made out in your name."

"Ah, very well, that makes it easy."

"But remember, there must be no company."

"Not a soul, mademoiselle."

"After to-morrow you will call me madam."

"Madam—is my lady married then?"

"She will be after to-morrow."

"Ah, I begin to comprehend. It is a secret marriage."

"Alice Ruess, this marriage is to be kept so secret that it will be almost a fortune to anyone who keeps it for me—ruin to the creature who betrays it. To-morrow I shall be married in this house—your house, remember."

"I shall not forget, lady."

"Your house, not only to the outside world, but to the other servants."

"I understand. Madam or mademoiselle shall be obeyed."

"It must be understood that we board with you—that is, my husband and myself." Cora felt a warm flush overspread her face as she uttered the words "my husband," and a sigh, of such exquisite

pleasure that it seemed almost like pain, escaped softly from her bosom. Alice Ruess smiled covertly, and felt a sort of envy creeping through her heart of the beautiful young creature who was just entering a life in which she had been shipwrecked. "It must be also understood that we have just come from abroad, which is the truth."

"Ah, forgive me, but I thought so!" exclaimed Alice, interrupting her. "Such taste, such grace, was never born or fostered in this country."

Cora bent her head in reply to this intended compliment, and went on:

"You pay strict attention to this. To-morrow the bills for all that has been done here will be sent in. You must pay them. They are to be made out to Mrs. Alice Ruess. Here is money. I have made a rough computation. There will be plenty left for the household expenses for weeks to come. Take it and remember to keep a strict account. I can be generous, but no one must cheat me."

"Is mademoiselle afraid to trust her money with me?" said Alice, turning red with anger. "Does mademoiselle mean that?"

"No, I mean nothing of the kind. Were I afraid you would have no opportunity to cheat me. I only wish to draw a line clearly between that which I will give and that which I place in your hands for specific purposes. Be faithful, and we shall have no reason to complain of each other."

"Lady, I will be faithful."

"Alice Ruess, I believe you."

Cora arose as she spoke; all her other directions she gave standing.

"The cook. Can you judge, Alice? Is he what they recommend him to be?"

"Lady, I think so."

"The breakfast to-morrow morning must be perfect."

"Breakfast for how many, lady?"

"Two."

"What, no more?"

"Only two—us two alone," she muttered in English while a gleam broke through her half-closed eyelashes as she looked modestly down.

"A little breakfast, very perfect, for two. That man will prepare it. I answer for him."

"As for the rest, have flowers the choicest and sweetest. You should have taste, I see it in the kindling of your eye. Yes, I will leave that with you. If I could rifle sweetness from the flowers of Paradise for him I would do it. I would, though they never bloomed again."

Cora spoke these last words in English, but the

woman read them in her face, and hers became clouded. Once she had felt like this herself. How had it ended?

Cora shook out the folds of her heavy silk dress and prepared to go.

"Be sure and have nothing wanting," she said. "I depend on you entirely."

"Will not mademoiselle stay all night?"

"Not for the world. I might dream, and that would be a terrible beginning. No, it is almost time for the train, and I have a carriage at the door."

"But the name, lady? I have not as yet heard your name."

"True enough. Well, it is no matter about that just now—to-morrow I shall be Mrs. Seymour. A pretty name, don't you think so?"

"Yes, lady, a very pretty name; may you be happy in bearing it."

"Happy!" cried the girl, almost clasping her hands. "Nothing shall—nothing can prevent that." Again Alice looked away, and again her face clouded over; she almost hated that radiant young creature because of her faith in the man she loved and in the destiny which united them.

"It is almost time for the train," said Cora, taking a watch from her side, glittering with diamonds that formed a raised monogram on the back—his initials and hers, for Seymour had given it to her out of the paltry thousands which she had considered as hardly worth mentioning. "It is almost time—let me think—I have said everything; you understand my wishes."

"Yes, lady."

"Well then, good-night; I hope those people in the kitchen will suit; they are highly recommended."

"Yes, highly recommended."

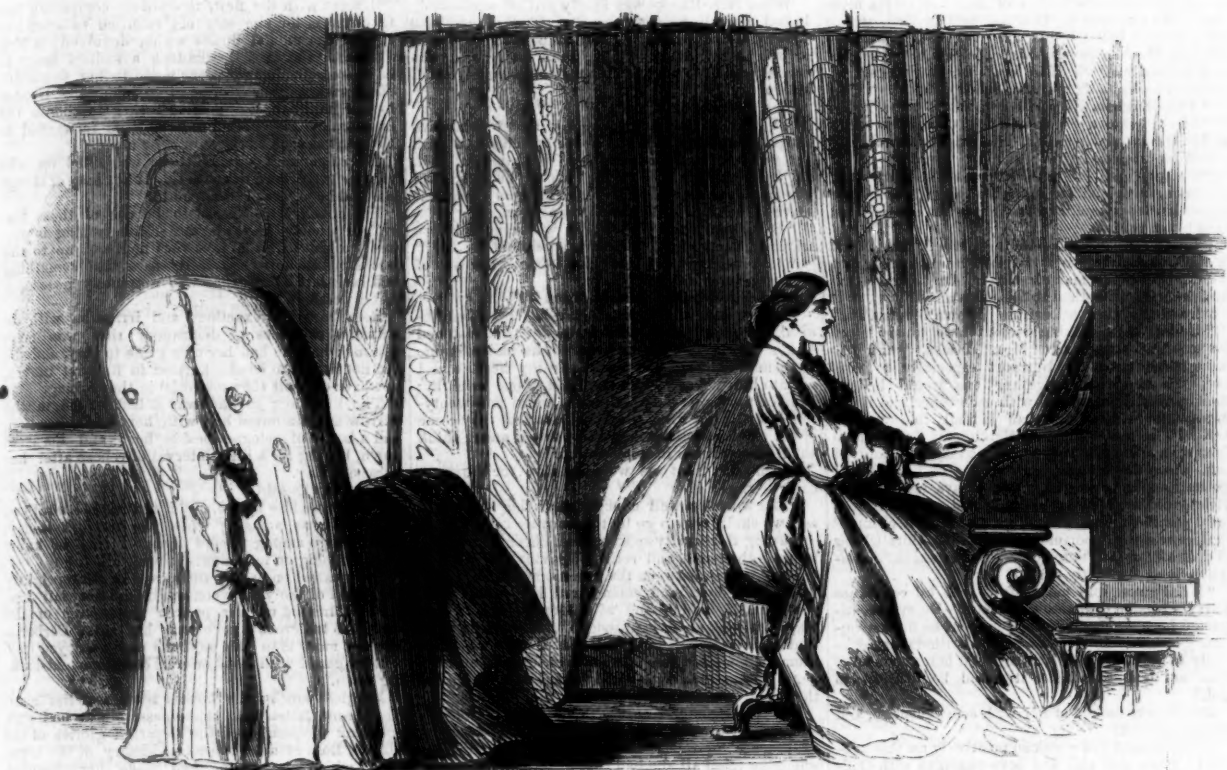
"The dresses, have they come?"

"Yes, lady, you will find them in the dressing-room."

"That is pleasant. How prompt these people have been. I never knew what a glorious worker money was before."

The young girl said this half aloud as she mounted the steps and stood in the flower-garden. They had obeyed her well. She felt the freshness given to the air by the play of the fountain. Some drops fell upon her veil and trembled there like lost diamonds. The perfume of late roses swept over her. Again that delicious sigh rose and swelled in her bosom.

(To be continued.)



[ROSA'S NOVEL TASK.]

SWEET ROSES YANGLLED.

CHAPTER X.

"There isn't much to tell. Anna was the daughter of my father's housekeeper, and she was partly educated with my sister and myself. We had a private teacher, for we lived in the country, and my father was not willing to send us to a boarding-school. Anna was pretty and ambitious. My sister and I took a fancy to her, and made her a sort of companion, though she had at first been our waiting-maid. She shared our lessons; even music and dancing were taught her, and she excelled both Insie and myself in both; but we liked her too sincerely to be jealous of her superiority."

"That was truly generous," replied Rosa, when the talkative old lady paused to take breath.

"But the time came when Anna set herself up as a rival to Insie, and trouble to her grew out of it. We travelled the first summer after our studies were ended, and entered the fashionable world. At Cannes we met with a young lawyer, who admired my sister so much that when we returned home in the autumn he followed her to Oaklands."

"Anna Moore had not accompanied us in our tour, as she would not consent to go with us as our personal attendant, so she was left behind, and a French waiting-maid was employed. It was a much better arrangement for Insie and me, for our new attendant understood what we needed a great deal better than an inexperienced country girl could."

"But when we returned home Anna was again our companion and friend. She ate with us in the evening, when strangers were not present, and when friends stayed in the house she was always treated by them as if she formed part of the family. The young man I spoke of was a gay and dashing fellow—fond of ladies' society, and most agreeable to them."

"Insie liked him very well, but he was not rich, and she fancied that he sought her for her fortune, more than through any feeling of preference he had for herself. It soon turned out that she was right, for when he made the acquaintance of Anna Moore his heart was touched for the first time."

"He must have fallen desperately in love with her, for it was soon evident that she alone detained him at Oaklands. The certainty of this came on Insie with a kind of shock, for she never dreamed of finding a rival in our humble companion, but it did not affect her very deeply. She had only admired Mr. Hastings, and—"

An exclamation escaped Rosa, and Mrs. Hawks stopped abruptly. Her companion hastened to say: "Pray go on, ma'am. I was only struck by the name. I have heard of a Mr. Hastings before, but it is not likely that he and the gentleman of whom you were speaking are the same."

"Perhaps they are. Who knows? But I will finish what I had to say, and we can compare notes afterwards. As I said, Anna was ambitious. But I don't believe she thought of the superior position of the man at all, for she was fascinated, enthralled by him to that degree that she was ready to throw herself at his feet—to become his slave through all the years of her life. She confessed as much to me in a moment of extreme excitement, but at the same time declared that she would never come between my sister and the man who had led her to believe he had wished to marry her."

"When I repeated this to Insie she said, with a burst of defiant pride:

"That no harm would be done to her if Anna won Hastings away from her, for she had never trusted him enough to love him, and, knowing what she then knew, nothing would induce her to accept him."

"Insie sought out her inconstant lover at once, and, after telling him what she had discovered, asked him if he meant to offer his hand to the girl he so evidently preferred before all others. He paltered with her, refused to give a straightforward answer, and said that it would ruin his prospects for ever to marry a girl destitute of fortune. He confessed that no other woman had ever touched his heart so deeply, but love her as he might he could not ask her to share his poverty with him."

"That night he left Oaklands, but I am sure that he saw Anna in the shrubbery before he went away; she was very unhappy after he was gone, but seemed braced up by some hope that, at intervals, brought back some of her old cheerfulness."

"Two months passed by, and then it was discovered that Anna had disappeared from the house in the night, leaving behind her a note to me, in which she said we must not think harshly of the course she had taken, for it was the only one to secure her happiness. She said she had gone to one who loved her, and she should be quite safe with him."

"She entreated that no inquiries might be made after her, lest the fortune of her lover should be marred by a premature disclosure of their marriage, and, with a fervent prayer for the happiness of Insie and myself, the unsatisfactory epistle ended."

"Of course she had gone to join Mr. Hastings;

there could be no doubt about that, but no one had any right to stir in the matter, for her mother had been dead several years, and, as far as I know, Anna had no relations."

"A year passed away, and we heard nothing from her; then we had a grief that touched us more nearly—that is, my father and I—for Insie eloped with a young Spaniard my father particularly disliked, and our home seemed almost broken up by the desertion of its two brightest spirits."

"My father's health failed him, and we travelled for several years almost constantly. When we at length came back to Oaklands we found Anna Moore living in the family of my uncle, taking care of his two motherless children."

"But such a changed creature you never saw. All the bloom and brightness of her youth was gone. She was sad, almost morose at times, and when I spoke of the years of our separation, and asked for some account of herself, she abruptly refused to give any."

"It was enough," she said, "that her dream of wedded happiness had faded into nothingness. She had found falsehood where she expected only the loftiest sense of truth and honour, and henceforth she could have faith in no man. She had proved to my uncle that she was worthy to fill the place in his family which he had given her, and beyond that no one had a right to inquire. The nearest and dearest of friends could never wring from her the history of her humiliation and abandonment."

"I questioned her no more, for I plainly saw that it would be useless. She had resumed her own name, and refused to allow that of Hastings to pass her lips, so she was left to bear her burden as she would."

"A few months after our return to our old home my uncle removed, taking Anna with his family, and after a lapse of a few years we heard that she had married a merchant; a man much older than herself, and very strict in his religious notions."

Rosa scarcely listened to the last words of the speaker. She was impatiently awaiting a pause to ask the name of the gentleman Miss Moore had married. The opportunity at length came, and in reply Mrs. Hawks said:

"His name? Well, I may as well tell you that, as I've told you the rest of the story. It isn't likely that you will ever be anywhere near poor Anna, so your knowing it can do no harm. She married Mr. Thomas Marsden, and I have heard he is rich. For the sake of his wife I hope it is true."

Rosa had listened to this story with a degree of absorbing interest for which she would have found it impossible to account. She now asked:

"Was nothing more ever heard of Mr. Hastings?"

"Oh, yes—I know a great deal about him, but his story, as blended with that of Anna, is still a mystery. He removed to Drayton, and settled, where he practised law till his marriage with a wealthy woman. He then gave up his profession, and removed to her residence, where he has lived ever since."

"And he has a daughter called Opal?"

"Yes—but how did you know that?"

"I have heard a young student I once know speak of Mr. Hastings's daughter. She was his betrothed."

"Who was he, pray?"

"Godfrey Fenton," replied Rosa, as steadily as if the man she named had not still the power to set her pulses throbbing and heart aching when she recalled that bitter past.

"Is it possible that this can be true?" exclaimed Mrs. Hawks. "If so it is good news to me; but what a tender the man must be? Are you sure that he is actually betrothed to Miss Hastings?"

"I had the information from his own lips, ma'am."

"He has been making violent love to my niece for months past," said Mrs. Hawks, "and has been three times to Newport especially to visit her. To see them together one would believe them perfectly infatuated with each other, and I can hardly doubt that the man is really in love with her. He means to jilt Miss Hastings if I will make her rich. That is very evident to me now, and if I refuse to settle something handsome on her she will go back to the other girl. I've always had my suspicions of Mr. Godfrey Fenton, and now they are fully justified, don't you think so, Miss Gordon?"

Here was the opportunity so ardently thirsted for to deal a blow at Fenton, and after a moment's hesitation Rosa distinctly said:

"Mr. Fenton told me himself that he could not marry a woman destitute of fortune. He may be attracted for a season by Miss Lopez, but he has no constancy in him. He has flirted with others as recklessly as he seems to be trifling with her, and a more false or dangerous man it would be difficult to find."

Mrs. Hawks looked at her with some surprise, and abruptly asked:

"Why should you speak so positively on this subject? Have you had any love-passages with Godfrey Fenton?"

Rosa's face flushed crimson, and then grew as pale as marble.

After a pause of deep emotion she gained sufficient composure to reply:

"Mr. Fenton made love to me as he does to every girl who is unfortunate enough to attract his attention; but nothing serious grew out of it. We are no longer friends, and I am sorry to hear that we are likely to be thrown together again."

"Oh, as to that, you need have no fears. After what you have just told me I will not receive him if he calls, and my poor silly Inez will surely give him up when she learns that he is not free to woo her. I never liked him from the first, though he tried to make himself agreeable to me when I met him at the Glades. I saw him the last time I was there, and it came out that while his mother thought that he was travelling for his improvement he was wasting time in making love where it seems he had no right to make it. Inez shall hear the truth about Mr. Fenton as surely as I see her again."

"Is he at this time in Newport?" faltered Rosa.

"I don't know. He flies away—stays five or six weeks and goes back again. But if he isn't there now he will be sure to come before we go away. I am very glad that I have heard this, for I shall put an end to the whole affair by flatly refusing to give my niece a shilling if she marries him."

"When Mr. Fenton fully understands that I think you will have no farther trouble about him," said Rosa, significantly.

The clock rang out its silvery peal, and Mrs. Hawks looked at her watch and said:

"It is midnight, I declare, and you have to play me to sleep, for I always have music at night when I retire. Mrs. Bates told me that you can sing charmingly, and I am anxious to hear you. Ring the bell for Perkins and come with me to my room. Yours is near it, and my maid sleeps in the one opening from mine, as I always need someone near me at night."

Rosa was now more widely awake than in the earlier part of the night, and the new duty required of her gave her little annoyance. Mrs. Perkins promptly answered the bell, though she had evidently been asleep.

With her assistance Mrs. Hawks ascended the stairs, followed closely by Rosa. A large apartment over the parlor, luxuriously furnished, with a smaller one opening from it, was appropriated to the mistress and maid, and Rosa found that her own room was across the hall, an arrangement she parti-

cularly liked, as she wished at least to sleep quietly when she was permitted to retire.

When Mrs. Hawks was finally settled comfortably in bed a small cabinet piano that stood near it was opened, and a quantity of German music placed upon it by the attendant. This Rosa understood she was expected to play until her strange employer fell asleep.

Mrs. Perkins explained:

"You must begin by singing a few plaintive songs. She likes soft and soothing music, though she can't hear much more than the murmur of it. In half an hour she'll be sound enough, and you can go to your room. Turn the gas down, but leave it burning, for she can't bear darkness."

"But if she should be seized with one of those frightful spasms in the night, what should we do?"

"Just as I have done for years—bring her out of it the best way I could."

"But how would you know about it?"

"Easily enough. The bell-cord has been lengthened, and Mrs. Hawks goes to sleep with it fastened to her wrist. The first movement she makes in one of them spasms rings it right over my head, and I go into her. You needn't be afraid of one to-night; she don't often have two violent attacks in twenty-four hours. It's when they are light that they come often. I have given her some drops, and I think she'll sleep till ten in the morning."

"I thought that we were to leave for Newport early in the day?"

"She won't be well enough after her late spell, and we shall have to go by the evening boat."

Having thus curtly spoken, Mrs. Perkins motioned towards the piano, and retired, leaving the door of communication between the two rooms open.

Rosa sat down and commenced her task. She was herself fond of the wild German music, and played it with much expression. After singing two songs she struck into a plaintive theme, and continued till a loud snore from Mrs. Hawks startled her with a sudden consciousness that her duties for the night were at last ended.

She arose from her seat with a feeling of release, and, quietly turning down the gas, went into her room to prepare for repose and to think over in her scheming mind all she had that night learned.

Godfrey Fenton's ghost had suddenly arisen before her, and she vainly asked herself what evil fate had thrown him across her path again—what dread power had so tangled the threads of their destinies that they must continue to influence each other, and not for good?

Could an answer in that hour have been given she would have shrunk and covered before the future that was sealed from her vision, but the dark curtain cannot be lifted at will from the days to come, and Rosa listened only to the vindictive promptings of her own outraged heart, and determined to be the shadow on his way if it were permitted to her to become such.

She reviewed the story of Anna Moore, and made a memorandum in her private tablets of the name she now bore. After sitting a long time beside the open window she retired to her couch, but her pillow was wet with tears, wrung from many bitter sources, before she found the oblivion of sleep.

This creature, destined to become the incarnation of evil to more than one of those of whom she had that night heard, was yet not destitute of good impulses. Placed in a brilliant sphere of life, surrounded by the appliances she had been led to believe her birth-right, the darker elements of her Protean nature might have lain for ever unsired; but such was not to be her fate; and the evil genius, who, it is said, waits on all of mortal mould while life lasts, was fast gaining the ascendancy in those hours of darkness in which she lay brooding over the bitter past.

With Rosa's fatal power to win affection and confidence there was no limit to the wrong she might inflict on those she professed to serve with all her strength.

Godfrey Fenton resumed all his power over her heart, and she felt as if death were preferable to the knowledge of his union with another. She would use all her arts to prevent such a thing, she would win over Mrs. Hawks and use her influence in such a way as would put an end to all hope of a marriage between Fenton and her niece, and, thus resolving, she at length fell into a broken and uneasy slumber.

CHAPTER XI.

At a late hour of the morning Mrs. Hawks awoke in a very bad temper, and it tasked all the ingenuity of both Rosa and Mrs. Perkins to amuse her till the hour of departure arrived.

They had besides many other things to attend to; for bills were to be settled, a responsible person to

be left in charge of the house while its mistress was absent.

Except with the first, the young companion had no concern, for she was not required to attend to any of the menial duties which devolved on Mrs. Perkins. But Mrs. Hawks took a sudden fancy to have some trifling additions made to her wardrobe, and her carriage was ordered to take Miss Gordon to her milliner and mantua-maker to choose the articles, and give orders to have them forwarded to Newport as soon as they could be made.

Every moment of Rosa's time was filled up, she felt perfectly worn out with the multiplicity of things she had been forced to attend to.

She found Mrs. Hawks to be one of those travellers who are never certain that anything is perfectly right till it is past recalling, and up to the last moment she was perfectly sure that something had been left behind that was absolutely necessary to her comfort.

Rosa bore her exactions and irritation with an outward calmness of demeanour that was marvellous; but she had her own game to play, and she did not intend to be checkmated in its first moves, however difficult they might be in the making.

The impatient invalid was at last settled in the narrow space allotted her, with her drops, her fan, and a bottle of cologne beside her; and Rosa sat down, hoping for a brief interval of repose after her harassing day.

Mrs. Hawks said:

"Sit here close by me, child, and tell me what you saw that was amusing when you were out to-day. If I can't go among people myself I like to know what is going on in the outside world."

Thus called on to play the agreeable, the sprightly invention of the young companion did not fail her, and she dressed up her picnic adventures of the day in so ludicrous a garb that her grim Cerberus laughed more than once as if she really enjoyed it.

Rosa gazed with vivid interest on the amusing-looking town.

Mingled among the houses some stately mansions, now fallen into shabbiness, might be found, speaking eloquently of the departed glories of the place. Rosa recalled the social history of the town, with which her reading had made her familiar, and her fancy again pictured those old dwellings enlivened by the presence of the gallant and debonair French officers, who, in anti-revolutionary days, found the fair belles of the little English town quite as fascinating as the most aristocratic dames of the French court.

There too had dwelt that Berkely to whom Pope attributed "every virtue under heaven," and who wrote so eloquently to prove the non-existence of matter.

There too had been born, or had lived, some of the most distinguished men of the nation. Poetry, oratory, and military renown have been alike illustrated in the annals of Newport, though it is now chiefly known as a fashionable summer resort.

Rosa was aroused from her dreams by Mrs. Hawks. The old lady had got safely to her carriage, which moved leisurely along the spacious square ascending to the old-fashioned house, thus affording its occupants time to admire the simple wooden spire of Trinity Church with its antique architectural ornaments.

The mild air fanned Rosa's cheek.

Rosa glanced back at the smooth waters of the bay, brightened by fitting sails, and then turned from the sleepy-looking old town to the new and bustling suburb which has grown up since the place became the summer resort of the idle and the fashionable.

A spacious and elegant avenue invades the domain lying upon the ocean, and handsome houses look down from the top of the hill towards the boundless expanse of blue water ever breaking into foam—ever sending towards land that low monotone of music which has for a sensitive ear a sadness beyond all other sounds.

A suite of apartments had been secured in the hotel for Mrs. Hawks, which comprised three rooms in the most retired portion of this large building. The front one looked towards the sea, and from it opened a large dressing-room, which was appropriated to Mrs. Perkins. The sitting-room opened on a small veranda, and the apartment beyond it was assigned to Rosa.

Soon after their arrival the driver with the carriage and horses was sent to the Glades, the residence of Mrs. Hawks's brother-in-law, to be taken care of during her stay; for, rich as she was, she was not above saving a few pounds by such an arrangement.

Dick took with him a note from Mrs. Hawks to Miss Lopez, desiring to see her at her lodgings as soon as possible, as she had something important to communicate to her.

This summons was written by Rosa in her character of amanuensis, and a bitter smile curled her lip as she wondered what the effect of the communication would be, and how she should find means to let Fenton know that hers had been the hand that dealt the blow about to fall.

In her new sphere Mrs. Hawks proved as exacting and difficult to please as before; but Rosa's self-command never seemed to fail her. She had set herself the task to win the approbation of this self-indulgent and inconsiderate old woman for a purpose of her own, and she proved that she could endure much to attain the end in view.

She began already to feel almost sure of success, for the old lady seemed more pleased with her with every passing hour, and Rosa's fancy already revelled in dreams of a luxurious future gained without the alternative of accepting so uninteresting a specimen of the *gens homo* as Mr. Adolphus Bates.

An excuse came from Miss Lopez, deferring her visit till the following day, as her father was not well enough to be left alone. Rosa exerted herself to keep Mrs. Hawks in a good temper in spite of this disappointment, and Mrs. Perkins watched her with jealous eyes, for she began really to fear that she had placed a rival to her young lady too near the throne to be quite safe.

But Rosa soon found means to remove her misgivings, and induced her to believe that all her efforts to please were only for the purpose of winning influence that it might be used for the advancement of Miss Lopez's interests.

The whole of the afternoon and a portion of the night were spent in card-playing, but at ten o'clock Mrs. Hawks retired, though her young slave had still to play softly upon the piano in the adjoining room till she fell asleep.

But at last she was free, and she took possession of her room with a glad feeling of release. She leaned from her open window to catch the strains of gay music that floated up to her from the distant ball-room, her feet and fingers unconsciously beating time to them.

Ah! if she had but wings with which to fly over to that scene of gaiety and find a place among the brilliant crowd she panted to join.

A whole week of seclusion seemed to her an endless cycle of time: like *Tanialus*, the thought for which she thirsted seemed ever evading her lips, and she rebelliously asked why was her destiny so changed from what she had once expected it to be?

A feeling of rage took possession of her soul, and she wept such tears as do not often the heart, or snake it better. If her neglectful kinsman had seen her on that night as she paced to and fro the narrow limits of her chamber, like a chained tigress, he would have felt dismayed at the result of the two years' discipline he had awarded her.

It is true that he had taught her to depend upon herself, but in a way that was by no means desirable; and the one exulting thought she this night had was, that she was not accountable to any human being for her actions. A wail, cast upon the shores of time, she had a right to use any means she deemed good to advance her own interests and place her at the summit of prosperity.

It was past midnight when she retired, but the sound sleep of youth and health soon came to her in spite of the previous tumult of her thoughts, and it was very late on the following morning when she awoke.

Wondering why she had not been called before, Rosa commenced her toilet, and soon afterwards Mrs. Perkins came in. She said:

"You have had a fine sleep this morning, Gordon; Mrs. Hawks wouldn't have you called till after she had her bath, and then Miss Inez came, and she wanted to talk with her alone."

"Has Miss Lopez been with her aunt while I slept? I shall see her, I suppose, at breakfast?"

"No, you won't; for the poor thing has gone back to that old house. I don't know what Mrs. Hawks said to her, but she looked as white as my handkerchief when she went down to get into the carriage, and the tears seemed ready to burst out of her pretty eyes. If you will find out what put her in such a state, Miss Gordon, I will try to do all I can to make your time less dreary than it would be if I chose to make you uncomfortable."

"Thank you," replied Rosa, coolly, "but I believe I already know what distressed Miss Lopez."

The woman regarded her with an expression of surprise and mistrust, and incredulously asked:

"What can you know about what passed between 'em this morning?"

"Mrs. Hawks spoke to me about a lover of her niece, of whom she disapproves. She told me that she intended to put an end to all hope of Miss Lopez inheriting her fortune, unless he is discarded."

"Who is it?" asked Mrs. Perkins, in much excitement. "Not Mr. Fenton, I hope?"

"Yes—it is Mr. Godfrey Fenton; and Mrs. Hawks had good cause to believe him as false as he is handsome and captivating."

"I'll never believe it. Who has been poisoning her mind against him? A noisier, freer-spoken young gentleman ain't to be found, and I have seen enough myself to convince me that he loves the very ground my young lady treads on. Have you told her anything against him, Miss Gordon? for it seems to me that she couldn't have heard it from any other source."

"Since you ask me I will tell you the truth. I casually mentioned Mr. Fenton's name, and Mrs. Hawks drew from me some things I know about him, which, in justice to Miss Lopez, should be communicated to her. I presume she told her what I had said, and that is why she looked so agitated when she went away."

Mrs. Perkins's small gray eyes glared on her almost savagely, and she abruptly asked:

"What was it you repeated, and how did you come to know anything of Mr. Fenton?"

"I will answer you, though your manner of asking it is not very respectful. Mr. Fenton was in New-haven while I was at school there. He bore the character of a most unprincipled trifler, and more than one young girl has cause to regret that she ever knew him. To get out of a serious affair in which he became entangled he avowed his engagement to a certain young lady, and under such circumstances he has no right to deceive Miss Lopez as he has done."

Mrs. Perkins clenched her hands and set her teeth hard together. She presently asked:

"Who told you this, Miss Gordon? Are you perfectly sure of the truth of what you have said?"

"As sure as I am of my own existence. If Godfrey Fenton is in earnest in his wooing it is the first time he has meant anything more than to amuse himself. He is as hollow-hearted as he is fascinating, as more than one woman has found to her cost."

"Then heaven help my poor young lady, for she will never, never love another. Oh, I know her well, poor child. I have known her from her infancy, and what she once attaches herself to she clings to with strength and constancy. You have done a cruel thing, Miss Gordon, though I will not accuse you of intending to make mischief. After a man is engaged it often happens that he finds someone more attractive to him than the girl he had first fancied, and it is better for him to marry the one he likes best, even if he is accused of jilting the other. I don't believe in sacrificing one's life to such a scruple of honour as that."

"You may be right, Mrs. Perkins; but Mr. Fenton has few scruples of any kind. He is not an honourable man, or he would never have played the part of lover to so many confiding girls. Believe me when I tell you that he is no more in earnest with Miss Lopez than he has been with a dozen others."

"I won't believe that, for no one could play at love-making with such a girl as Miss Inez. If he didn't truly love her at first he must soon have begun to think her the sweetest and best creature in the world. If Mr. Fenton is bound to marry that other girl I am sure that it is not an engagement of his own making, for if ever a man was truly in love he is with my poor darling. If that will was only made settling her aunt's fortune on her he could afford to break with the other one, for I suppose she's rich, and he has always told Miss Inez that he has nothing independent of his mother."

"Then you would be willing to see Miss Lopez give her hand to a man who will not accept it unless she endows him with a fortune?"

Mrs. Perkins quickly replied:

"He would accept it without a penny, for I know he loves her; but she would never consent to bring ruin on him, for she is as generous as she is true. Oh, dear, dear, it will break my poor child's heart to be forced to give her lover up—I know it will. I wish that you had said nothing about him, Miss Gordon. It would have been far better to let matters take their own course, without any interference on your part. Now that Mrs. Hawks has been prejudiced against Mr. Fenton she will never be brought to listen to reason."

"I felt compelled to speak when Mrs. Hawks questioned me, and I frankly told her what I knew about Mr. Fenton. When you are less excited, Mrs. Perkins, you will see that I did the best thing for your young lady's welfare."

Mrs. Perkins shook her head in dreary dissent, but at that moment the hand-bell Mrs. Hawks kept beside her was shrilly rung. Both her satellites hastened to obey the summons, and they found her impatient for the appearance of her late breakfast. Mrs. Perkins rang for the waiter, and then went into the next room to superintend the serving of the meal.

Mrs. Hawks looked kindly at Rosa and said:

"You look as I like to see young girls—calm and

happy. Such a time as I have had with my niece this morning is enough to disgust me with life. Inez came to make me an early call. She was looking unusually well when she came in, and I must say that she is extremely handsome. She was very affectionate too, and seemed particularly pleased to see me, though she tried to evade what I had to say to her. But I wasn't to be put off, so I soon inquired after that good-for-naught who has been making love to her. You should have seen how beautifully her face lighted up at the mention of his name, and I declare that I hated to tell her that the creature has only been amusing himself with her all this time."

She paused to take breath, and Rosa said:

"It must have been a painful revelation to both her and yourself. I can very well understand that you must have shrunk from it."

"Well, if Inez was like most other girls I should not have minded it so much. But she is full of sentiment, and in everything that interests her she is so much in earnest, poor thing, that it will really go hard with her to give him up. I led her on to speak of Godfrey Fenton, and she frankly told me that he had lately visited her, but he is at this time travelling and will not return before the end of the summer. She said that nothing is wanting for their future happiness but the certainty of a future income to live on, and she coolly asked me what portion of her grandfather's estate I designed to settle on her. I could hardly believe my own ears, for she knows that it was all left to me to do as I pleased with."

"But I am sure it would please you to provide handsomely for your niece, madam," said Rosa, with her most winning smile.

"Not to enable her to marry the man she has set her heart upon. I never liked Mr. Fenton, and now he is quite out of the question as the future husband of Inez. If my money is to buy him for her she shall never have him, and I told her as much. I gave her my reasons, and you should have heard her fire up in his defence. She refused to believe a word I said, and asked the name of my informant, which, of course, I did not give her. I wish her to like you, but if she knew that you had given me to understand Mr. Fenton's true character she would never forgive you."

"You were very kind to think of me, dear madam, but I have no wish to attack Mr. Fenton in the dark. I am quite willing to tell Miss Lopez all that is known to me concerning him. But it will be as well perhaps to give me an opportunity of knowing her first."

"Of course, of course; that was what I thought. When you have gained her confidence, as you will, for young girls thrown intimately together must talk freely to each other, you can show her how artful and insincere this young man is. She will believe from you what she would not listen to from me. We will go to the Glades to-day in my carriage, and you shall see the miserable wreck that my sister has thrown herself away upon. If Godfrey Fenton is really willing to marry Inez with such a burden as her father clinging to her he must be taken with her in earnest. The old creature is unable to walk, and I think him almost imbecile, besides being as cross as a bear."

At the assertion that Mr. Fenton loved her rival a pang of jealousy darted through the heart of Rosa, and she clenched her small hands as the thought came across her.

"This man, heartless as I know him to be, is my fate after all. In spite of my bitter struggles to conquer myself, the mere intimation that he more truly loves another has power to make me wretched."

She commanded herself to speak in reply to the announcement of the intended visit.

"I shall be most happy to accompany you to the Glades, madam, and I have no doubt that I shall find your niece charming."

"You may take my word for that; but here comes Perkins to say that breakfast is ready at last, and I am sure that I am starving for it."

Rosa offered her arm, and they went into the adjoining room, where an oval table was neatly arranged with the elaborate breakfast Mrs. Hawks had ordered. She ate a portion of everything set before her, and Rosa apprehended that another fit might be the result, which would deprive her of the drive she was anticipating with so much pleasure.

But no such catastrophe occurred, and after reclining on the sofa a short time Mrs. Hawks declared herself ready to set out for the Glades.

The carriage drew up in front of a private entrance with which her rooms communicated, and the two ladies set out together, leaving Mrs. Perkins behind, much to her internal chagrin.

The jealous fear came to the heart of the waiting-woman that the new companion was making too rapid progress in the favour of her mistress to be quite safe or agreeable, but she consoled herself

with the remembrance of others who had preceded her in her present position, and, for a season, had been made as much of by the capricious old lady, and then were cast off at the slightest cause of displeasure.

That Rosa Gordon should obtain no stronger foothold than the others had secured Mrs. Perkins had resolved, and, secure in her long services, she believed she held the balance of power in her own hands.

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE.

AIR collected at the back of the upper gallery in Covent Garden Theatre on a full night gave 20 per cent. of oxygen, and rendered lime-water more than usually turbid.

DAMP WALLS.—A complete cure for damp exuding from a brick wall, upon which no plaster, much less paper, will adhere, may be effected by using 'Italian plaster.' The cost is but little more than that of Portland cement, and may be papered upon forty-eight hours after being used, without any risk of damp or discoloration.

THE CHASSE-PT RIFLE.—The firing of the Chasse-PT rifle has astonished the Emperor of the French by its destructiveness. In two minutes a battalion of 600 men at 600 yards from the mark had fired 8,000 balls, of which 1,992 had struck the line of aim. The ground in front of the mark was so cut up that not a blade of grass could be seen; and the Emperor perhaps having in his mind's eye 500 Prussians standing in that dangerous spot, is reported to have exclaimed, "It is frightful! It is a massacre!"

CURIOS FACT.—It is a curious fact that if chlorine gas is turned into a jar of acetylene gas, even in darkness, an explosion will ensue, but not so if the acetylene be turned into the chlorine, unless a moderate degree of light be present. In the latter case the chlorine unites with the hydrogen, setting the carbon free so that the vessel, which previously held a mixture of colourless gases, is instantly filled with a mass of inky black smoke, giving the jar the appearance of patent leather. These observations are derived from a late lecture by Prof. Frankland.

SNOW ANIMALCULES.—A distinction is observable between the taste of snow water and that of rain water, and the use of the former in parts of Switzerland is thought to be the cause of peculiar affections of the throat, including *goitre*. The discovery of numerous shrimp-like animalcules in snow water, by a distinguished chemist, has suggested a possible connection between them and the unwholesomeness of snow water. They prove at least that life is not restricted to the conditions of temperature with which we usually associate it. The fluids which give mobility within these organisms must be such as, unlike those of animals, and like alcohol, resist extremes of cold.

NEW FIRE-ESCAPE.—A public trial of Messrs. Jones and Hedge's patent portable fire-escape has taken place at Scotland Yard, Whitehall. It is small and portable, weighing but a few pounds. The most useful size contains 40 ft. of wire rope, and is 10 in. in diameter and 1½ in. thick; and its arrangements are such as to enable those going down by it to descend at whatever speed they please, or, if required, to stop at any window they may pass in descending, and take out any other person that may need rescue, and then reach the ground in safety. In descending, the apparatus is fastened to the body by a leather strap, and the wire made fast to something above. The apparatus can also be made fast above, and a basket or bag slung to the rope, so that when its load is safely landed the person above can wind it up and let himself down. It can be fastened to any article of furniture, to the bars of a grate, or to a permanent crook or pin fixed in the wall or window-frame. In appearance the whole apparatus is little more than a flat wire rope, to which any sort of conveyance can be attached.

BRILLIANCY OF THE ARCTIC SUMMER.—The sun reaching its great northern declination on the 21st, we were now in the full blaze of summer. Six eventful months had passed over since the Arctic night had shrouded us in gloom, and now we had reached the Arctic mid-day. And this mid-day was a day of wonderful brightness. The temperature had gone up higher than at any previous time, marking a meridian 49 deg., while in the sun the thermometer showed 57. A more calm and lovely air never softened an Arctic landscape. Tempted by the day, I strolled down into the valley south of the harbour. The recent snow had mostly disappeared, and valley and hillside were speckled with a rich carpet of green, with only here and there a patch of the winter

snow yet undissolved—an emerald carpet, fringed and inlaid with silver, and sprinkled over with fragments of a bouquet—for many flowers were now in full bloom, and their tiny faces peeped above the sod. A herd of reindeer were browsing on the plain beneath me, and some white rabbits had come from their hiding-places to feed upon the bursting willow buds. Few objects of interest led me on from spot to spot—babbling brooks, and rocky hillsides of tender green. A marvellous change had come over the face of nature since the shadow of the night had passed away. Recalling the gloom and silence of the Arctic night—the death-like quiet which reigned in the endless darkness—the absence of every living thing that could relieve the solitude of its terrors—it was not possible to see without surprise the same landscape covered with an endless blaze of light, the air, and sea, and earth teeming with life, the desert places sparkling with green, and brightening with flowers—the mind finding everywhere some new object of pleasure, where before there was but gloom. The change of the Arctic winter to the Arctic summer is, indeed, the change from death to life; and the voice which speaks to the sun and winds, and brings back the joyous day, is that same voice which said:

She is not dead, but sleepeth;
and the pulseless heart was made to throb again,
and the bloom returned to the pallid cheek.—*Open Polar Sea, by Dr. Hayes.*

A SHEET OF SILVER.—At a recent meeting of the California Academy of Natural Science Mr. Gutzkow presented a sheet of chemically pure silver, 3 ft. in diameter, 3 oz. in weight, and as thin as fine paper. The colour was beautifully white, and the texture like fine lace. This sheet was made by mixing solutions of protosulphate of iron and sulphate of silver in a large dish, and the silver rose to the surface and there formed into a sheet. Successive sheets will rise with each stripping. This easy mode of obtaining chemically pure silver is of much practical value.

SILICA IN PLANTS.—Pierri, the French chemist, has re-examined the grasses, and has apparently thrown some farther light on the agency of silica, which was once erroneously supposed to give the stalk its rigidity. He finds on the contrary that in the wheat plant the silica accumulates chiefly in the leaves, and least of all in the hard knobs or joints of the stalk; the latter containing less than one-seventh as much as the leaves, and the stalk between the joints less than one-fourth. Hence the more silica the more leaf, the more shade the less hardness in the stalk and the greater liability to break down or "lodge."

A NEW TEST OF THE PRESENCE OF IODINE IN FLUIDS.—M. Laronde proposes a new test of the presence of iodine in fluids. Put into a test tube 10 grammes, for example, of the fluid to be analyzed, with one gramme of oil of petroleum. Shake well together, and add nitric acid, drop by drop, until all coloration ceases to be manifested. Then let two drops of solution of chloride of lime fall in, and shake the mixture briskly. The oil of petroleum rises to the upper part of the tube, carrying with it in solution all the iodine contained in the liquid, and acquiring thereby a more or less intense rose colour.

THE NEW STEAMBOAT DREW.—The enterprising company owning the people's line of boats plying at night between New York and Albany recently placed a new steamboat, the *Drew*, on the line. The *Drew* is 400 ft. long over all, 80 ft. wide, and is 45 ft. deep from her pilot-house to her keel. The main saloon is 350 ft. long, and is furnished in a style of gorgeous luxuriousness unequalled in the annals of steamboating. The *Drew* cost between seven and eight hundred thousand dollars. The hull was built by John Englis & Son. The engines, 85-in. cylinder and 15-ft. stroke, were made at the Allaire Works. The *Drew* has 350 state-rooms, and can easily accommodate 1,000 passengers.

A NOVELTY IN AERIAL LOCOMOTION.—At the last meeting of the Aeronautical Society a paper was read by Mr. Reda St. Martin describing a new means of aerial locomotion, presenting some novelty in principle. A light flat frame, covered with silk or other suitable material, presenting a kite-like form, is placed over a carriage resembling the ordinary velocipede. It is attached to the carriage in such a manner that the angle which its surface presents to the wind may be regulated at pleasure. On each side of the spine or central line of this plane or sail, at about one-third of its length from the broader end, it is proposed to insert two screws or helices within the sail, having their axes at right angles to it. Motion is first imparted to this sail by means of the velocipede manœuvred by the aeronaut, and so placed as to impart to the sail an effect similar to that afforded by its tail to the kite. Simultaneously with the movement of the velocipede the screws must be set in motion in order to insure the ascension of the apparatus. The action of the screws—which is the

special novelty of the apparatus just described—is the reverse of that commonly given to them. Instead of directing the propelling power in the line of flight intended by the aeronaut, it is proposed to aim it in a directly contrary course—the sail is pulled obliquely against the wind, and thrust with it; in this manner assisting, because regulating, as in the case of a kite, the upward, and later the onward, movement of the aeronaut. This apparatus, moreover, is capable of performing a feat altogether beyond the capacity of its prototype. It has the power of moving in the direction of, as well as against the wind, by reversing the action of the screws, thereby pushing instead of pulling the sail; thus producing a similar restraining and regulating action to that described in the former instance.

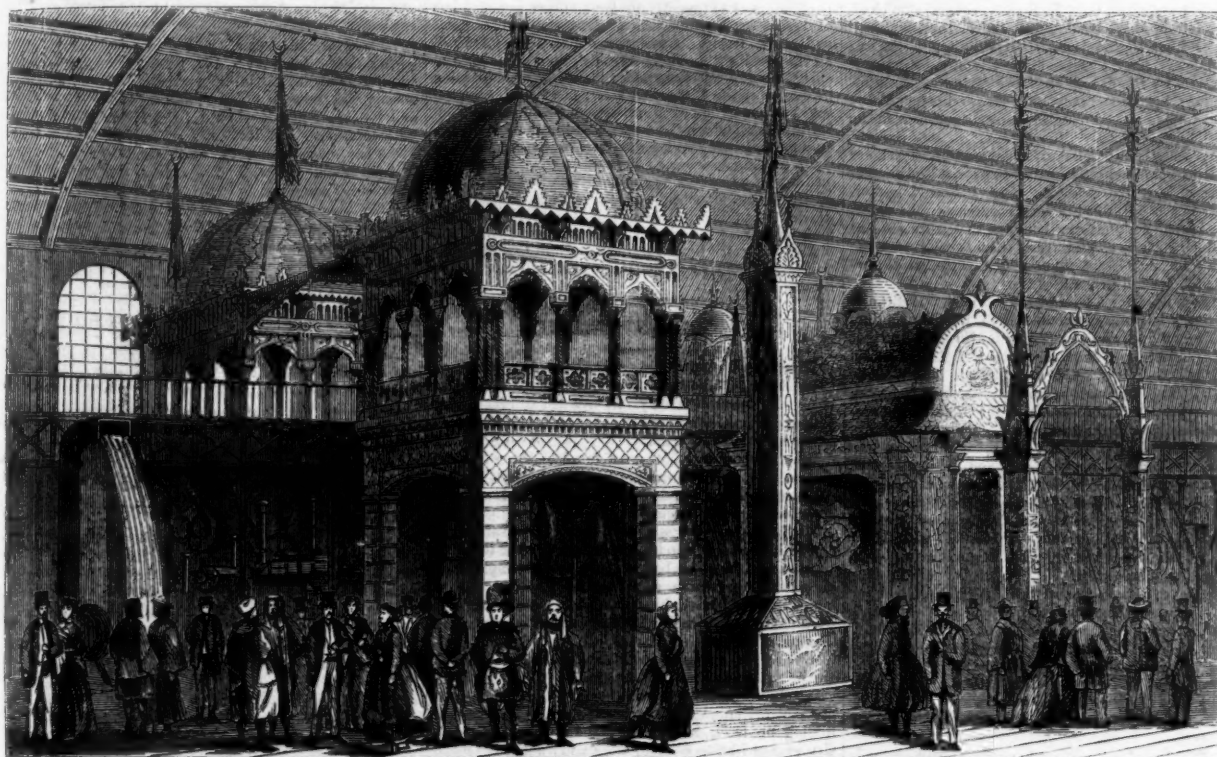
TRANSPARENCY OF RED-HOT IRON.—At the last sitting of the French Academy of Sciences a paper was received from Father Secchi, of Rome, on a highly curious and startling fact—the transparency of iron at a red heat; hitherto unknown to men of science, though it seems practical men have long been aware of it. It was illustrated in the following way:—Father Secchi had ordered a strong iron tube to be made. As it was intended for an apparatus requiring a vacuum it was essential that this tube should be perfectly air-tight, and Father Secchi had some doubts about its soundness in this respect. In order to set these at rest the tube was made red-hot, and taken into a dark place, when Father Secchi clearly perceived through the iron, which was half a centimetre thick, a crack inside the tube, and which did not reach to the outer surface.

JASPER.—This durable and beautiful substance, which has hitherto been obtainable only in limited quantities, chiefly from Siberia and Russia, is now procured, to almost any required extent, at Saint Gervais, in Savoy, where the quarry has a surface of at least 24,000 square yards, and a depth of about twenty-two yards. It is a variety of quartz which is characterized by being opaque, however thin the plates into which it may be cut, and is of various colours—red, brown, green, &c., that at present used for jewellery being green with red spots. It resists for indefinite periods the action of the weather, and is an excellent material for ornamentation, whether as stands for small objects, &c., or as panels, columns, &c., to be used by the architect. Some of what is found at Saint Gervais bears close resemblance to the beautiful species termed *rouge antique*; it is of a fine red, and without veins.

GUN CASTING IN AMERICA.—On the 15th of April another monster 20-inch gun was successfully cast at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania: 140,000 lb. of iron was placed in three furnaces, which were lighted before daylight in the morning, and tapped about four hours afterwards. The molten metal ran for twenty-seven minutes into the mould, during which time a stream of cold water ran through the hollow core at the rate of twenty gallons a minute. The casting was successfully accomplished, and the gun, which will remain some days in the mould in order to cool, is the sixth of these large guns cast for the United States. Though intended for navy use, it is somewhat shorter than the others. When taken from the mould it will weigh in the rough state about 140,000 lb., and when finished 95,000 lb. Its greatest diameter will be 7 ft. 10 in.; the other diameters will be 3 ft. 2 in. by 5 ft. 10 in.; the bore 20 in. The length of the gun will be 15 ft. 9 in. and of the bore 13 ft. 1 in. It is intended to fire a solid shot weighing 1,000 lb., with charges of powder varying from 60 lb. to 100 lb. each.

BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE.—The greatest engineering difficulties in connection with the new Blackfriars Bridge having been overcome, we may now reasonably look forward to more rapid progress than has hitherto been made. Already we begin to see what the bridge will be like, and this quite independently of the plans. The structure will be 922 feet long, and its width just the same as that of Westminster Bridge, the broadest and finest in London. The nearest arch to the shore on either side will be 165 feet span, and the next two 175 feet, while the central arch will be 185 feet. The incline will be only 1 in 40. The bridge will cost 300,000£, but will be quite worth that sum even as an ornament to the metropolis. The Thames Embankment bids fair to be finished before Blackfriars Bridge, as nearly all the river-wall is up, and the made ground for the roadway is nearly complete in some places. The embankment being built of stone blocks, with ornamental coping, abutments, and approaches, will be a fine sight from the river, and will afford Londoners a splendid promenade.

HYDROPHOBIA IN AUSTRALIA.—An account of a fatal case of hydrophobia in that city in February states that it is believed to be the first case that has ever occurred south of the equator.



[THE MACHINE DEPARTMENT.]

PARIS EXHIBITION, 1867.

THE progress of machinery was always, and ever will be, a subject of interest to mankind, affecting, as it does, so greatly the prosperity of every country. Scarcely anything is done now without its aid; and works which, a few years since, would have cost the labour of many men for weeks can now be effected in a few days. During the last hundred years the march of improvement in every branch of art and manufacture has been rapid, but within the last twenty years man seems to have been blessed to an even greater extent with inventive faculties; notwithstanding the vast fund of interest to be found in the history and progress of the inventive art, it would be apart from our purpose to digress upon it here. To those who are well acquainted with machinery the space allotted to it in the Paris Exhibition must be in the highest degree attractive. Here are to be seen specimens of the ingenuity of every country in the known world, in every form, in every branch of science, from the smallest sewing-machine to the colossal guns and engines of our iron-clads, and even to the spectator unlearned in such matters the models of the numerous engines of war and peace must form a subject of great interest. Of course every nation is more or less represented in this gallery as in every other. Prussia exhibits a very fine work designed by Herr von der Hude, of Berlin, in the shape of a magnificent facade of Silesian marble, sculptured by machinery, with doors of oak beautifully carved, and others of iron fret-work still more finely executed. What will not be done by mechanical processes and appliances? Surely, when architectural carving can be executed to such perfection by machinery, we can be surprised at nothing.

This elegant specimen of carving is placed across the southern central avenue, and forms a splendid position for the exhibition of Herr Krupp's 40-ton steel ingot, with his breech-loading ordnance, the largest of which is a 13-in. gun. Close at hand we see a hammer upon Haswell's patent, and a large apparatus for the distillation of alcohol, by the side of which is a selection of patent tools of all descriptions.

Continuing our journey, we come to the Austrian department, replete with locomotives. There is a diminutive-looking engine by Kraup, of Munich, and two that have been employed in Russia, while be-

tween these is a vertical compound engine finely constructed. The Austrian State Railway exhibits a locomotive which was shown originally in the English Exhibition of 1862, and has been sent here to prove how it can stand the wear and tear of five years' use. Russia has only a small space, exhibiting little else than a few guns and some ammunition, which does not say much for the state of the manufacturing arts in the land of the Czar. The exhibits in the Italian, Swiss, Spanish, and Portuguese divisions are not remarkable, and China is, of course, the farthest of all countries in the rear. Next to the territory of the celestial "Son of Heaven" comes that country, the youngest, but the farthest advanced in the inventive arts—America. Whatever we may say of our Yankee cousins they have stolen a march not only upon us, but upon every other country. Our greatest printing-machines are of American origin, that most useful of inventions the sewing-machine is the same. The Yankees it was who first taught us practically the use of ironclad vessels, and a hundred other things do we owe to their ingenuity. In this department is exhibited an immense planing-machine by Sellers & Co., of Philadelphia, near to which is a machine for printing off on soft paper the moulds for stereotyping. America also exhibits a locomotive "got up" in the most magnificent style to look grand, and a hundred inventions which our space is too limited to mention.

Side by side with America is the English division, occupying about one-sixth of the gallery, and it is positively crowded with machinery of every possible kind in thorough working order. Next to old England comes the French department, as much crowded—indeed in every part of the building are French machines of some sort or the other to be found. France has made great progress since the first exhibition in 1855, until when such a thing as a French machinist was all but unheard of. But now it is different. She stands nearly upon an equality with England and America.

Perhaps among the most important articles exhibited are locomotives, and every country but America comes out well, England taking the palm. She shows, for instance, a six-wheeled engine with inside cylinders and driving wheels in centre of length. The engine has a good shed upon the foot-plate to shelter the driver and stoker. In this there is the usual vertical transverse metallic screen with glazed eyes in front of the driver, but the top has been raised, and the plate of the screen bent back-

wards at an angle of about 120 deg., with the vertical part so as to form a partial penthouse, and such will no doubt throw off a great deal of rain that otherwise must reach the driver's throat and chest, and cut off a great deal of the eddying wind which, in going head to wind behind a flat screen, makes it almost worse than none.

There are also numerous other engines exhibiting many new improvements both in space and construction. There is one in particular, a remarkable little locomotive for steam-ploughing, the most complete steam-plough engine ever seen. The total weight is reduced to a minimum, and even with the attached clip drum for the wire rope it is so small that, in being dragged along a hedge-row, or across a ploughed field, it would hardly leave tracks deeper than those from a farm cart.

Of the foreign locomotives those of French and German manufacture are the most deserving of praise.

Messrs. Sigl, of Vienna, Neustadt and Berlin, show an immense eight-wheeled engine, all coupled and fixed to work up to a pressure of eight atmospheres. And a locomotive upon the plan denominated "System Hall," a six-wheeler, four of which are coupled, and with outside cylinders, which are the type, in fact, of all the German, and nearly all the French engines.

The Maschinen Fabrik von Oesterreichs Staats, Eisen Gesellschaft, have produced a huge ten-wheeled engine, six wheels being in pairs on three separate axles, and four upon a "bogy;" all these wheels are coupled, and there is some very ingenious but a little complicated arrangement of horizontal and short vertical, with diagonal connecting-rods, by which, while the action from the piston is constantly acting upon the whole of the wheels, those of the bogy are at liberty with its frame to swivel out of square in passing around curves. There are steam brakes to this engine, the brake blocks pressing upon the top edge of the tires; but, potent as the arrangements seem to be, they seem hardly adequate to control the action of this huge mass. The cylinders are outside, and of great size. The wheels being small and the stroke long, the cranks and connecting-rods, at the lowest vertical point, come very near the level of the top of the rails, too near perhaps for safety.

Marine engineering is of course well represented. The English nautical shed contains a large pair of trunk horizontal engines, a small high-pressure pair,

with boilers and twin-screws for a man-of-war launch, by Messrs. G. & R. Renzie, several fine cases of models of ships by Samuda, Laird, the Blackwall and Millwall companies. By-the-by, a capital example of a fixed overhead traveller crane or gantry, adequate, by the eye, to probably eighty or one hundred tons, is to be seen upon the river edge just at the upstream side of the Pont de Jéna, and, therefore, in the French department. This consists of two wrought iron parallel plate girders overhanging the river lengthwise, and sustained upon four vertical cylindrical columns of short lengths flange bolted together. The gear is all of the crab-purchase character, placed upon the platform between the landward end of the two girders, and from these crabs pass the chain falls, which act upon a quadruple set of purchase blocks and hooks.

This is used for landing heavy goods. Hydraulic machinery is well represented both in the English and French departments. There is also an interesting stall of special productions, with a little hydraulic jack, which will lift a great French crank shaft which looks big enough to crush it. Saxby & Farmer's signals are there also, and the Post Office has set up a model railway, with three post-office vans and apparatus for picking up the letter-bags at road stations; the contrast between past and present is well shown by the model of an old mail-coach, opposite. The North Moor Boundary Company have some fans and turbines, and rising immediately over them is the Victoria Gold Pyramid, 62 ft. high, with a 10 ft. square base, representing all the gold produced in that colony since 1851.

There are also a number of the British boilers, by Galloway and others, and a fine display of continental railway carriages, from many of the details of which we should do well to copy in our English ones. Some of these have the silk screen or blind to draw across the central ceiling lamp for night travelling, so as to enable the wearied eye to rest in sleep without the continued distressing stimulus of the light.

Multitudes of railway appliances and fittings present themselves; amongst these, in the French department, is a weigh-bridge for railway engines of eight wheels, giving the pressure upon each wheel separately; nothing very new, but not amiss in its constructive details.

From prudential motives, and to insure the most certain method of producing air, there has been established in the exterior department a system of ventilation communicating immediately with the air gallery. The expulsion of the interior air is the result of the ventilation produced from other quarters.

We will devote a few lines to the explanation of a metallurgical compressed air-pipe; imagine a pipe of a certain diameter, and in the centre of this is a small hole through which the compressed air could escape; with this pipe is connected another containing gas and other combustibles; the compressed air, thus conducted, sends forth the gas with more or less force, regulated by means of a spigot. This pipe, so cleverly constructed by M. Wisnecq, comprises the two essential conditions, the mixture of gas and air.

CALCUTTA GEOLOGICAL MUSEUM.—The Museum of Geology at Calcutta now contains two hundred and twenty-seven specimens of meteoric masses, one hundred and thirty-seven being meteoric stones, the rest meteoric iron. A catalogue of these interesting specimens is published, and by it we see the oldest recorded is of 1492, found in France, the latest is that of 1865, from Jessore, India. The eminent superintendent of the Geological Survey of India has issued instructions to people who may find these curious objects, and from these we gather that the stones are nearly always covered with a black vitreous crust, that this coating is smooth, pitted or wrinkled, and that much can be gathered from close observation; no two seem to fall on the earth at the same angle, and some instructions are given how to record their direction of flight, &c.

ROYAL PARKS AND PLEASURE GROUNDS.—There are 14 Royal parks and pleasure grounds in or about London, the parks being those of Battersea, Bushy, Greenwich, Hampton Court, Kensington, Kensington, Regent's, Richmond, St. James's, Green, Hyde, and Victoria, and the pleasure grounds of Hampton Court and Kew. The grounds of the Hospital and Military Asylum at Chelsea, with Holyrood Park and Longford River, are also included under the above heading, the total estimate of charges connected with which amounts, for the financial year 1867-8, to 125,326l. Of this sum 5,995l. are paid to the Rangers' departments of Greenwich, Richmond, St. James's, Green, and Hyde Parks, the grounds of the Hospital and

Military Asylum at Chelsea costing 1,704l. Under particulars of extraordinary expenditure appear sums of 1,975l. for continuation of the river embankment and other works in and round Battersea Park; of 5,392l. for lighting Primrose Hill, laying out ground opposite the Coliseum, and rebuilding a suspension bridge over the Regent's Canal; of 16,347l. towards the erection of new iron railings and footgates round Hyde Park (which item alone amounts to 10,050l.), setting back the carriage and footways at Stanhope Gate, putting down gas mains and erecting lamp-posts on four principal roads in Hyde Park, and alterations of the lodge at Stanhope Gate. The estimate is limited to such expenses in the several Royal parks and gardens as are requisite to maintain them for public use, and the income derived from them (which amounted last year to 4,807l.) is paid into the Consolidated Fund.

FIRE IN FLINT.

RICHARD LANDER had only been two days at Cape May; but he was already finding the island a bore. It was a discomfiting way he was apt to make, with places, persons, and pursuits, though it is not easy to tell why it should be so.

Moh, accomplished, of good family—three qualifications which placed the keys of the famous portals of society in his hands—he had other advantages not always accompanying these.

His handsome person was instinct with health and strength, and his mind naturally capable of feats as vigorous as those his body occasionally took pleasure in performing, while a certain self-respect stood guard in the place of higher motives to restrain him from degrading vices to which leisure and opportunity tempt many.

What disadvantages stood to counterbalance these? In the first place, a immunity from home ties, which to some of his companions appeared a special piece of good fortune. In the next sphere, and above all, finding no work laid to his hand, no sphere of necessity urging him to seek for work and a sphere to work in, his life was aimless and incoherent, lacking an earnest motive and end to shape it.

He did not know what he wanted—twenty-five rarely brings that much wisdom to man or woman—and the best proof he now gave of having within him better capacities of manhood than he had yet shown was his discomfort with a style of life that would have satisfied a poorer and meaner mind.

So Richard Lander sat in the shade of the closest tree he could find in the grounds, acknowledging himself bored; in spite of the bright sunshine before him, sparkling under the afternoon sun.

It was very bearish to be sitting there alone too while scores of pretty girls were so near at hand, many-tinted muslins swaying in the promenade on the piazza, silvery laughs echoing the click of the ivory balls in the billiard-room, and the strains of "*Il Segreto*" sounding from the drawing-room; but our Chevalier Faudent was not in the least a "ladies' man," and preferred his book, his cigar, and his solitary corner to joining the fair bevy.

Not so entirely solitary as he had supposed either, for only a few paces off, though hidden by the stems of some intervening trees, two ladies had quietly established themselves, unnoticed and unmet by him, till his attention was attracted by the voice of one of them, who was reading aloud.

It was a low voice, but of such peculiar purity of pronunciation and tone that every syllable was distinctly though not annoyingly audible, and he found himself listening to "*Aurora Leigh*" with a new perception of the beauty of its almost too richly freighted lines. It was the last book of the poem that was being read:

In my ears—

The sound of waters; there he stood, my king;

And the succeeding conversation; till at Romney's words:

I was wrong;

I've sorely failed; I've slipped the end of life;

I yield; you have conquered—

The reader suddenly broke off, exclaiming:

"Oh, this is intolerable! I have no patience to read it!"

"You do not like Mrs. Browning's later style," said the other voice. "I think, myself, she slides into rough colloquialisms sometimes, but she probably builds sonnets on her husband's style."

"It is not that," answered, animatedly, the younger, fresher voice of the reader; "but I cannot forgive this reversal in the positions of the hero and heroine—she so strong and self-reliant, he confessing his folly and mistakes. How are they to love each other rightly after this?"

"I suppose men do make mistakes sometimes, and women forgive them too," said the other lady, equally.

"But dear me, Susan, she is the wise and he the loving one! Is that right? That is not the way I should paint my ideal, at any rate. He should be strong and wise, beyond mistakes and weakness; and I—she, I mean—should not stand up and argue with him, but sit at his feet and learn from him."

"That sweet humility is not your ordinary style of behaviour, Helen, I can assure you," said the elder lady, laughing.

"Oh, but my ideal is not found at every turn in the beach, you know," said the other, laughing too, as if a little ashamed of her momentary enthusiasm. "But I'll go on, though I enter my protest against Aurora's intolerably Minerva-like attitude."

"Go on, by all means; I, as a married woman, am not at all displeased to hear a man say—'I yield; you have conquered,' for once."

And the reader's voice flowed on again, deepening and thrilling through the passionate and touching words of the conclusion.

It was the matchless music of the voice, more than what it uttered, that excited in Lander a feeling of interest and curiosity, that moved him from his usual languid indifference.

He noiselessly shifted his position, and peered through the intervening branches, till he caught sight of the reader.

A slender figure bent over the book; a pale, fair face, with pure, clean-cut features, fair hair rippling back from a white brow; darker lashes hiding the colour of the eyes over which they drooped; so he saw her defined against the dark tree bole, clear as an antique cameo.

"To leave romance, and come to actualities," said the elder lady, at last, breaking the silence that followed the closing lines of Aurora Leigh—"what shall you wear to-night, Helen?"

"I don't think of going at all," answered the young lady, abstractedly, gazing out towards the sea-line, with eyes whose hazel depths, now lifted, dilated as she gazed.

"Ah, but you surely must," remonstrated the other. "It is the first night I have felt well enough to go, and Alfred will not excuse either of us. Besides," she added, laughing softly, "this may be the very night destiny intends you to meet with your unpleasantly excellent ideal. I don't know him in society, I confess, but he may be among the new arrivals to-day."

"Here, and of these?" said Helen, with a slight, disdainful lift of the head, as she glanced round on the groups that were gathering on the piazzas and sauntering towards the shore.

"Let us go to your room and settle the dress-question there then."

And they gathered up books and work, and floated quietly away, close to the carvedroping auditor, who caught a casual glance from the young lady's dark eyes as she passed him, which riveted his half-formed determination to see more of her.

"She shall meet me there to-night," he thought, smiling to himself as he recalled her disdainful look and words, with a self-complacency he would certainly have thought absurd in another, but which rested on a calm conviction of his never-disputed advantages.

The ball spoken of for that evening was the most brilliant of the season. Lander, as he entered the *salon-de-dance*, found progress along even the outermost borders rendered difficult by the frantic whirl of the galop. He scarcely needed to scan the white-robed, flower-crowned figures of the dancing nymphs to find that his incognito was not among them. An instinctive guess made him already confident of that.

"Hallo, Lander! tide-bound, like myself, on the shores of this heaving sea?" said the good-humoured voice of an acquaintance near him.

"You here, Emory? I had not seen you before."

"Yes; I am just trying to rejoin my wife and sister, yonder."

And by one of those odd coincidences which we call fortune he indicated to Lander the very ladies his eyes were vainly seeking, and the desired introduction to them followed quite naturally and immediately.

Mrs. Emory acknowledged the introduction with a freer and more cordial grace than that accorded by Miss Conway, the fair reader of the afternoon, who leaned on her sister's chair. Lander's critical eyes studied for a moment her figure, bearing, and dress.

Folds of pale sea-green silk; falls of foamy lace, and a cluster of pearls on her bosom, gave an Undine-

like effect to her pure lines and clear paleness, too little relieved by vivacity and colour. He found her less beautiful than he had supposed, missing the animation he saw upon her face in that stolen view under the alanthus tree. No possible bells of the ball-room was she, with her calm face and seeming coldness of manner; yet all maidenly, not cold, was that reserve which encompassed her.

As a fountain's silver waters

Clip a little music to Nola, sitting smilingly within.

It was, at any rate, only an added charm to Lander.

He waltzed with Mrs. Emery, and was granted a quadrille by Miss Conway, who declined to waltz at all. Later they joined other promenaders in pacing the veranda, breathing the sea-breeze, warm, yet fresh and thrilling, passing from moonlight to shadow, out into the breeze that poured from the long windows, and back to shadow again, while the music throbbed round them in regular pulsations. Acquaintance thrives more rapidly in such circumstances than under vulgar gas-light.

Lander ventured to allude to the afternoon's reading, without, however, betraying how close a neighbour he had been, and thence they drifted into the pleasant sea of literary discussion, finding various diversities and harmonies in their opinions, but both uniting in devotion to Tennyson. The "Idylls of the King," then in their first bloom of novelty, fell under discussion.

"A pretty dream of bygone virtues and heroisms, not fitted for this age," said Lander, who was a devotee of Maud and its bitter philosophy. "To break the heathen" is done now-a-days by smart Anglo-Saxons, who 'improve' weak and savage nations off the face of the earth," he went on, laughing sarcastically. "To ride abroad redressing human wrongs is the part of Moral Reform lecturers who go for F.A.M.E.—Fifty, and my expenses! The repression of slander—I really do not know who that is done by."

"You do not mean that there is no chivalry now, surely?" said Miss Conway.

"King Arthur or Sir Gallahad would be sadly astray in such a scene or time as this," said Lander, pausing at one of the casements and looking in.

"I do not see why," answered his companion, looking up with her clear, steady eyes.

"Because we live in an age of trash and brags," said the young man, with a bitter tone in his usually languid voice. "Because there is no more heroic work in the world, only mean uses that a man of self-respect seems to bow himself to. The only thing left is to make the best of it, and have as good a time as one can," he added, relapsing into light indifference.

"Maybe it is the heroes themselves who make their work heroic," said Miss Conway, quietly. "I can fancy the San Greal may have appeared a trophy cup to some who saw Sir Gallahad devoted to the care of it."

"But Pegasus should not be yoked to the plough, you know," said Lander, in a nettled tone, as if making a personal application of her remark.

"Let him use his wings then, and that will prove he can do better than plough," said Miss Conway, smiling archly.

A gentleman stepped through the window just then, to claim her for the Lancers, and Lander, not inclined to dance, stood looking after her graceful motions. He had no more *à-à-telles* with Helen that night, but he persistently improved his acquaintance with her party.

Richard Lander, smoking his late cigar that night and building castles in the air, all teenaged by the fair, womanly presence from which he had just parted, might have felt his ears burn if there had been any truth in the old adage. His new acquaintances were lingering in Mrs. Emery's room for that reminiscent gossip which is often the pleasantest part of an evening's gaiety, and he himself was under discussion.

"A right good fellow," said good-natured Alfred Emery, in answer to his wife's questions; "though he might have been a better one if he had had anything to do, and been made to do it. He never seems in earnest about anything, you know. He is not very popular among other young men, for he don't join in so heartily in whatever is going as some fellows do. Harry Frazer says he always seems to be saying—I could if I would, but it's not worth trying." Any profession, did you ask? Well, yes. He was admitted to the bar, and made one speech—a first-rate maiden speech it was too; but that's all he ever did at it."

"He's rich, you say; so he don't need a profession to live by," suggested Mrs. Emery.

"He needs something to make him worth living at all, I fancy," said Helen Conway, warmly. "If there is anything I despise it is a selfish, indolent dilettante, such as Alfred describes."

"Oh, Nellie, you never have any charity for a fellow that don't come up to your fancy standard," said her brother-in-law. "Dick Lander is not a man to be despised. If he never did any great good in the world he would scorn to do anything gross, or mean, or evil either, and that's no small praise."

"Yes, Helen, your fault is to judge people too quickly, by the piece you first happen to see of them," added Mrs. Emery. But Helen only shook her head at the reproach.

Of this judgment of hers Richard Lander, however, had no idea, neither then nor during the following week, during which he prosecuted his acquaintance with his new friends assiduously. He rode and strolled with them, and shared their quiet hours of talk and work whenever it was possible. He became a great favorite with Mrs. Emery, to whom he devoted himself much more openly than to Helen—a not unusual phenomenon in such cases—and little Lena Emery and he were the most devoted of friends, amassing treasures of shells and sea-weed together, and exchanging opinions and confidences with much affection and harmony.

With Helen his progress towards intimacy was less manifest. She did not know that it was she who drew him to them; that day by day his first attraction towards her grew deeper and stronger; that, under the languid, nonchalant manner that had become an established habit with him, an earnestness of desire and purpose never felt before was awakening to life. He interested her often. She could not but compare his conversation favourably with that of young gentlemen of the common-place type who came and went around her. Yet often, when enjoying it most, some token of his lack of sympathy with the life and work of the present, some expression of fastidious distaste for the workers of the age, who were the especial objects of her enthusiasm, would vex and repel her—a feeling seldom manifested except by a cool withdrawal from the conversation, which Lander scarcely perceived in the usual calm of her demeanour.

Before a week had passed he had ceased to question himself in regard to his own feelings, and was only anxious to elicit some expression of hers. Meditating, not unhelpfully, upon this theme one morning, and softly humming to himself:

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his desire is small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
To win or lose it all.

he sought the beach, hoping to join the ladies in their morning stroll. He soon found them, but engaged in such an animated conversation that, hesitating to break in upon it, he was passing with a bow when Mrs. Emery called to him—"Do come and help me make this obstinate girl hear reason, Mr. Lander! She insists on going off in this afternoon's boat to London, instead of waiting for Alfred, who returns here to-morrow morning, to go with her. She has had a letter from our father, which alarms her about his health, and nothing will do but she must go immediately. Ought I to let her go alone in this way?"

"Don't trouble about 'oughts' when you cannot help a thing, dear," said Helen, playfully and coaxingly, "and don't try to entrap Mr. Lander into the disagreeableness of taking sides;" glancing archly at him. "I must go, indeed," she added, more seriously; "and if Alfred had come to-day even I should not be willing to take him away again immediately. Why, what is it, after all, Susan? Just to step on board the boat and go into a quiet state-room, and awaken next morning in London, with Uncle John there to meet me. Behold the horrors of that 'journey of an unprotected female,' which daunts you so! Be a good girl, and let me go and pack now, as soon as I have said good-bye to Mr. Lander;" turning and holding out her hand to him, with a frank friendliness, whose warmth was due to the moment of parting. Richard could hardly frame some awkward phrase of adieu. His silence and dismay were noticeable enough to Mrs. Emery; but Helen was less keenly observant.

Lander found himself alone, with a head whirling and a heart aching in a kind of chaos of thought, soon taking shape, however, under the light of an idea that he too might have an immediate and pressing summons to London. Nothing strange in that for anyone! And then—and then—any sudden speech with Helen would be better than to lose sight of her before he should—

Put it to the touch,
To win or lose it all.

The ladies did not appear at the dinner-table. So much the better, he thought. A note of explanation and adieu could be left for Mrs. Emery; and he had no desire that Helen should be aware of his plan till they met on the boat.

So the first intimation Miss Conway had of his presence on board was when he found her looking out over the waters to the full moon that rose before them, as sunset burned behind, while the passengers had mostly plunged into the fearful depths below, called the dining-saloon.

Her start and change of countenance, as he addressed her, might well have been misinterpreted. The fact was, it was the first moment in which she suspected his feelings for her, and the idea brought with it a feeling of dismay. But the emotion she showed only hastened the avowal he had already determined on, and gave it a tone of self-confidence that wounded her pride.

Lander started in his turn as her cold, clear words of rejection fell on his ears. He was not meanly vain, and yet it had never really crossed his mind that she could fail to reciprocate the love that had so filled his heart for her. He spoke earnestly enough now:

"Miss Conway, is this answer indeed final? I have been too hasty. Grant me time to prove to you my love—my devotion, in which I fear you do not yet believe."

"No, Mr. Lander," answered Helen, calmly, though the colour rose and glowed in her cheeks—"A knowledge of your feelings could not alter my decision. It is based on my own."

The love and the pride that had run so smoothly, unchecked in their channels, rose and broke in tumultuous spray as they encountered this firm obstacle. He rose hastily, and moved a few paces from her.

Passion, love, anger, swelled and strove stormily within him. He turned, and strode again to her side, looking down almost in wrath at the still statuesque face looking out seaward:

"At least," he said, "I may ask the reason of this strange decision, that will not allow even a chance of change."

"That, sir, you have no right to ask; or, at least, demand," she answered, meeting his gaze with eyes as proud as his own.

"No right!" cried he, vehemently. "No right to question a decision that must darken my whole life? I have a right, by the love I feel for you, to demand some frankness from you. To know what in me inwardly, or outwardly, you object to; or whether another—"

He paused, feeling that passion was carrying him too far.

Helen's calm was broken up now, and she too spoke with rapid vehemence:

"I do not acknowledge your right; yet I will answer you, since you force me to it. I could never feel true respect, far less love, for a man who lives for no useful purpose—who seeks only his self-gratification, and makes the best of his nature serve its lowest."

"And that character you mean for me?" he inquired, with frowning brows.

"Your own words—your own indolent, aimless life, describe your character, not I," she answered. "I have no right, and no desire to criticize you; but you would have it. For me, I would sooner take a hand blackened with daily toil than the soft hand that seems to help the world one hair's-breadth on its way."

"Enough, Miss Conway," said he, bowing haughtily. "Whatever injustice your opinion does me I shall make no effort to change so rooted a prejudice. Good-evening!" And he hastily left her, with such feelings raging within him as nothing till now had given him a hint lay coiled there.

For hours he sat upon the deck, with hat drawn down upon his brow, and chin resting on his clenched hand, looking far away with eyes that saw nothing. He would be revenged on this proud woman yet. "Selfish! indolent!" How dared she use such words to him? "A hand blackened with daily toil!" some coarse mechanic she had in her mind's eye perhaps.

He raged over that image as Cloten over Imogen's taunt of his meanest garment.

But Richard Lander was no Cloten. Through all his angered pride a sense of truth in what she had said pierced to his conscience. She had but given form to the vague unrest of self-accentuation that had embittered for him a life for which he was indeed too good.

So, in the dark watches of the night a new and

strange experience opened for him. The recollection of the past scene faded away, supplanted by that wonderful state of self-revelation that sometimes descends upon one, in which you stand apart from your own self, and, looking down upon the life that seemed so fair while you were its indweller, see it by some supernatural light, and, seeing it, comprehend for the time the mystic words—"Except a man is born again he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." Sometimes it is granted a man to look back upon an hour in which he stood thus with full knowledge at the parting of the two ways, one to be chosen and the other left for ever.

In Helen Conway's heart too conscience was not silent that night. Like many reserved people, when urged to speech, she had said more than she intended—more than she could justify to herself.

"What right had I to speak?" she murmured, tossing sleepily upon her pillow—"I who fail for ever in what I see and long to be? Pharisee that I am!"

She was stirred to her very heart too by the love that had been avowed so unexpectedly. Had she known this would she have judged him differently all the while? Who can decide the effects of such knowledge upon a woman?

Somewhere late in the night Lander roused himself from his abstraction to notice that something unusual was taking, or had taken place upon the steamer. Men passed to and fro, not noisily, but with something intense in the quietness and rapidity with which they moved.

He caught a few ominous words from two men passing near him. Rising, he moved towards a figure in whose voice, energetic, though restrained, he recognized the captain's.

"Captain," said he, "it seems to me something is the matter. Is it an accident that has occurred, or a danger threatening? Can a mere passenger be of any use to you?"

The captain turned his keen little eyes, scanning the speaker by the starlight.

"Ah, it is you, Mr. Lander," he said. "I didn't know there was a passenger on deck, and didn't mean there should be, yet awhile. But I may as well tell you now. Something has happened. There is fire in the hold, and gaining on us fast too, in spite of all we are doing, or can do."

"Bad for the poor boat, but not dangerous for the passengers, within sight of land, I suppose," said Lander, in as quietly unmoved a tone as if the startling intelligence were the most trifling matter-of-course.

"I hope so," said the captain, briefly, but with not the most satisfactory intonation.

"And you are doing—"

"Nothing. The lights are closed, and the hatches battened down to keep it under. It is a case past the water-cure."

"You are not heading for land?"

"No landing possible on this shore. We are steaming north as fast as possible, to the nearest landing-place. Unluckily, the tide is against us."

"At worst, we have the boats and life-preservers plenty."

"The boats will not hold half that will want to go in them. We've made too much of a cram this time. I tell you right out, Mr. Lander, for I know you're not one of the scary kind. Besides, I want you to help to waken the people, quietly. Everybody must come out of the cabins. And all had better be roused and make ready; yet we mustn't let them think there is any danger."

It would be too much to expect that an intimation of even distant and possible danger should be received with perfect calmness and quiet by several hundred people, numbering many women and children. Some shrieks and hysterical outbursts followed the quietest and most soothing communication that could be devised. But the quieting authority of the captain, and his smiling assurances that it was "all right—all right; only they might have to disembark short of London, and wait for the next boat," quieted the tempest that seemed to threaten into mere fermenting and agitated murmurs, as the passengers arrayed themselves and collected their portable properties.

As Lander made his way to Miss Conway's stateroom the door noiselessly opened, and Helen appeared, fully dressed. Her pale face flushed crimson as she met him thus face to face, but he was past any feeling of constraint resulting from their last interview. He gave her the captain's soothing message. She stood silent a moment.

"Only that?" she said. "Mr. Lander, I know there is something very serious the matter; do tell

me just what it is. I am not so easily frightened by what I know as by what I am left to find out."

Richard looked at her, meeting the steady brightness of eyes charged with courage enough to overcome the physical shrinking of fear, strong though that might be, and rightly judged that to give her full knowledge of their situation was the truest kindness. He told her just what the captain had told him:

"Fire!"

He barely whispered it, and he only saw a momentary shudder run over her; but in that one moment she saw with terrible distinctness a blazing boat, the horror of a choice between the fiery and watery destroyer, the bitterness of death that might be near. She stood with dilated eyes that saw nothing, motionless as a statue.

"There will be room in the boats for all the women and children, if the worst should come," cried Lander, with quick, reassuring confidence. "Dread nothing worse than discomfort, and some trying scenes."

"She looked up at him then. Even in that moment of great mental tension she wondered at the light in his eyes—the passing away, as of a cloud from the sky, of the old look of languor and discontent.

"Thank you for telling me," she said. Her voice trembled, but was low and quiet. "And you—and all the rest," she inquired, presently, "have you the same chance of escape?"

"No fear of us men, but that we will find something to float us to safety, if we need it," he answered, cheerfully, hastening away.

Helen stood gazing after him a moment, and then, as if inspired by his example, turned to soothe and comfort a poor woman near her, who was crying pitifully in concert with the baby in her arms, while her sick husband, too weak to stand, sat on the floor beside her, leaning against her knees.

A rattling peal of thunder broke in upon her words, and the heavy roar of rain beat on the metal roof. A sudden storm broke over them. Down rushed the waters from the sky, up heaved the waves from below, as the wind lashed them from their repose, but they were vain to contend against their everlasting enemy—fire.

It seethed and raged beneath, and one swift tongue of flame leaped from durance, and ran up the wood-work aft—soon repressed, but a betrayer of the worst to those who saw it. Wild shrieks, and exclamations, and tumult echoed the fearful knowledge that spread from one to another.

No time to trust longer to the steamer escaping. With all haste boats were lowered now; with energy and speed the captain and his trustiest helpers committed to them their freight of women and children; a heavy burden for the boats, but a place must be found for all. They would return as quickly as possible for the second trip.

There was seen something more terrible than tempest or fire—an upheaval of selfish passions, that cast concealment and restraint aside. Women forgot to care for others, and fiercely struggled to be first in flight. Men forgot manly courage, and abjectly implored to share this chance of safety. Not all though.

The captain found assistants, not only in his crew, but among the passengers; above all in Lander, who, his indolent aimlessness all supplanted by an energy, helpfulness and unselfishness that seemed to have leaped to light as fire from flint at the smiting of the steel, moved through the seething mass, quieting, helping or sternly repressing, as need was. Helen saw it all.

"Not yet," she said, with a quick, peremptory gesture of withdrawal as he sought, among the first, to place her in the boat. "Let me wait for the other. I cannot go first."

There was no time to urge her, for even while she spoke others thronged forwards; the boat was freighted to the water's edge and away, and the next one lowered to its place.

"My husband!" cried the woman already mentioned, as she was called to pass down the side—"you must take him! You'd never ask me to leave him behind!"

"Madam," said the captain, with decision, "the women and children are already an overfreight. Not one man must be allowed for this trip. The next—"

"He's ill; he can't be left. You shan't leave him—you shan't—you shan't! I'll stay and be burned with him, before you shall leave him—me and my baby!"

With wild screams and violent resistance she fought

away from the efforts to induce her to leave her place beside her husband.

"It is impossible!" urged the captain, still resolute, though sorely tried. "It is the last boat, and all must not be risked for one."

"He shall go in my place," said Helen Conway, making herself heard with clear decision through the tumult. "I am quite resolved—I quite understand it all," she broke in hastily on the captain's remonstrance. "She is right; he is ill; he must go with her. Oh, Mr. Lander!" she turned to Richard, holding out her hands appealingly, "make him understand I will not go! Don't let him lose time urging something different."

There is an expression of will that bears down all before it, and Helen's was stimulated to a pitch that made it so now. She looked down to see the sick man passed to the place beside his wife that should have been hers, to see the boat cast off and be swallowed up in the pitchy darkness of the night, and then she turned to the man who stood silent and rapt beside her. The lanterns shone on her face, and showed her pale no longer; her cheeks glowed with the feeling that comes to inspire and to reward self-sacrifice.

"It is not so hard," she said, and she smiled as she said it. Then, in a lower tone, and bowing her head as she spoke—"Mr. Lander, I am thinking of the words, 'If thou bringest thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath sought against thee.' This may be the altar, and the time of sacrifice near. For me, I have judged harshly where I had no right to judge at all; uttered charges that I know now to have been untrue. Forgive me!" and she held out her hand to him, looking up into his face.

He caught her hand with a grasp that pained it.

"Helen! Helen!" he cried, with a wild tone at once of joy and pain; but the words were checked upon his lips.

With a wild, womanish shriek she turned and clung to him. Their fiery foe, held prisoned no longer, leaped rioting to light, ran through cabin and saloon, caught and wrapped wood-work and draperies in a roaring column of flame, rearing itself into the murky sky. Better the waters beneath than the flames above.

"Come!" cried Lander, with quick, sharp decision, and he swept her in one moment to the farthest side of the vessel.

No time for waiting; no trust in the coming boats now. Richard caught from its place a light arm-chair, stooped and drew a coil of rope from the place where his quick eye had noted it hours before, and then felt in his breast for the life-preserver which he had secreted there at the first alarm, fearing just such need for it as this. Helen watched his rapid, unfaltering movements in a kind of terrified trance, through which pierced a thrill of something like joy. She felt helpless, strong for nothing but to bear, but she recognized here another strength that could do and dare also.

But she roused herself as Lander placed the belt around her, and cried out:

"Your own? I cannot; do not ask me to be so selfish, so cowardly!"

"Miss Conway," he said, pausing a moment, and firmly putting back her opposing hand, "you spoke this morning of owing me some reparation. Prove you think so by letting me do what I must—the best for you, as well as for me."

With no more words he adjusted the life-preserver, seated her on the chair, drew a scarf from her neck and bound it around her waist, fastening her firmly to the wooden back. She allowed all in passive obedience now; then he uncoiled the rope and fastened it with two turns through the arms of the chair.

"That will hold you steady," he said, "while I lower you to the water. Do not fear; it will be easily done;" and he lifted her over the side.

It was well that Helen was held in her seat by something more than her own volition, for her head swam with sick dizziness as she found herself swinging over the wild waters below. She resolutely crushed back the shriek that sprang to her lips, and shut her eyes till she felt the cold dash of the waves as she reached them, felt herself swaying, effortless as a bubble on their heaving swell.

Lander's plunge from the deck followed instantly, and, seizing and steadying her seat with one hand, with vigorous strokes of the other he urged it forwards from the dangerous proximity of the flames, which shot up, broad and high, into the murky heavens, stretching a wide pathway of fiery light across the black waters, threatening the many fugitives on every side with the blazing missiles, launched forth like arrows aimed at an escaping prey.

The wonder of that fearful night was not the few who met their death from fire and sea, but the many

who escaped. The boats returning soon caught one after another from their threatening doom till the tale was almost full; among the last Lander and his charge, unscathed through all.

Such crises as that of this night rarely pass without momentous effects to anyone. To Richard Lander and Helen Conway it was a new starting-point in life. Both had seen clearly, in a few hours, things undreamed of till then; and Helen, in the new-born humility which her character had till then lacked, utterly reversed the judgment she had passed on Lander, and never would suffer him to say she had glanced near the truth in it.

She was sure that he had always been the truest, the bravest, the most unselfish of human beings; and she has not yet found cause to believe otherwise, for this night was for her the beginning, for him the confirmation of a mutual love strong enough to be the continent of all other loves and uses.

And the Providence who mercifully apportions to each the discipline they need has blessed Lander's endeavours to lead a life differing from his old one of sloth and self-indulgence, and has kindled to a flame the spark which circumstance first struck like fire from flint.

M. C. P.

"THIS HOUSE TO LET."

"UPON my word, this is about the coolest proceeding I ever know!"

Colonel Templar sat in his bachelor sanctum, where the rays of an April sunshine shone in lines of glittering gold among the Neapolitan violets in the window, and drove the little canary half wild with silver-voiced delight—a sanctum crowded with a miscellaneous confusion of meerschaums in different stages of colour, dressing-gowns, cigar-boxes, newspapers, and gorgeous velvet slippers—he contracted his brows moodily over a letter whose pink paper and delicate scent of foreign perfume betokened a troublesome lady correspondent.

"DEAR SIDNEY"—yes, I'm always 'dear' when Bertha wants a disagreeable commission executed—what hypocrites women are, to be sure—an eligible house, somewhere, in some nice locality—it surely can be no trouble to engage one for us. No trouble, quotha! that's just a woman's random idea! No trouble to rush from pillar to post house-hunting. Where's the indemnity of bachelorhood, I'd like to know? I might as well be a married man in good earnest, if I'm to be saddled with all the responsibility of the thing. I won't be imposed upon—I'll write to Bertha at once, and tell her—"

Colonel Templar gave his jet black moustache a savage sort of jerk, and pulled his writing-desk resolutely forward. Then a softer mood seemed to dawn athwart his mind—he hesitated, biting the handle of his pen meditatively.

"Poor little Bertha—she always was my pet cousin, and I suppose it is rather inconvenient for her to come all the way here to look for a house—and her husband will be in India until the middle of May, and—well, the upshot of the whole matter is that I'm doomed to victimize myself, and the sooner it's over the better. Heigho! where's the newspaper? I'll just look over the 'To Lets' first, and then I'll go to the estate agencies!"

The sun was peeping from behind masses of flying clouds, like a shy beauty who alternately smiles and hides her face—the air was full of faint spring odours, even in this brick-and-mortar wilderness, when Colonel Sidney Templar sallied bravely forth, armed and equipped with various references, directions and addresses, to engage in the momentous business of house-hunting.

He was not a handsome man—yet you would have turned involuntarily to look after him as he sauntered by, attracted by the deep smothered fire of his dark eyes, and the firm outline of his lips. No—Colonel Templar was not handsome, but he was what the ladies term "interesting." Moreover, he carried an empty sleeve where the left arm should have been—an everlasting memorial of the red battle-clouds.

"It seems comical enough for me to go house-hunting," mused Templar as he strode onwards through the dusty streets. "For me, the solitary, homeless recluse of one-and-thirty years old. Four years ago things appeared differently to me—four years ago I might have dreamed of a home of my own, with Marion Caryl's bright eyes to light up its hearthstone! Ah, me! this is a world of change! A careless word—a little misunderstanding—and here I am a crippled old soldier, while Marion is probably making the sunshine of some other man's life. Hold on

—am I getting maudlin and romantic—a Sidney Templar? This will never do, old fellow."

The colonel gave his heavy black locks a backward toss, as if impatient at his own folly, and vigorously directed his attention to the list of eligible residences in his pocket-book.

"No. 41 — Street; here's the very place. Wants painting badly on the outside, but may present a more promising appearance within. At all events we'll try."

He rang the bell, and, after a brief skirmishing of servants in the hall, a faded lady, in dyed silk, and hair in crimping-pins, appeared.

"Is this house to let, madam?" inquired our colonel, deferentially.

"Well, yes, it's to let, but you can't see it now."

"Can't see it now?"

"No," snarled the lady, vindictively. "Hours are between two and four."

"I'm quite sure the female in the crimping-pins is an old maid," decided the colonel, mentally, "and I think she must have breakfasted off broken glass and cambric-needles. I wonder if the people at No. 171 — Street will be any more affable."

A pretty, blue-eyed woman, in a torn wrapper and slippers down at the heel, answered the door-bell.

"Can I see this house?" meekly questioned Colonel Templar.

"Couldn't you call again in about an hour?" asked the blue-eyed one. "My husband is out, and we've been so troubled with thieves and respectable-looking agents who carried keys with 'em that—"

"Oh, I beg your pardon. Under the circumstances I will not intrude," said Colonel Templar, with a comic elevation of his eyebrows. "Perhaps, however, you will be good enough to observe that I leave the door-mat behind me, quite safe."

The blue-eyed lady looked after Colonel Templar as he strode away, with a puzzled face.

"It's as well I didn't let him come in," was her internal comment. "He looks as if he might be a little crazed."

While Colonel Templar stroked his moustache and pondered dubiously within himself:

"I wonder if I do look like a rogue."

"Herbert! Bertie! don't you hear the door-bell? Bertie, I say!"

The gentleman apostrophized as "Bertie" was sitting at an old-fashioned mahogany desk, absorbed in a pile of blotted manuscript, with dishevelled hair, and middle finger deeply stained with ink—evidently a young author, very much in love with his profession. Directly before him stood the speaker, a young lady of twenty-three or thereabouts.

She was exceedingly pretty, with the innocent, dimpled beauty of a white kitten or a pet rabbit; blue-eyed, with a complexion where faint roses seemed to glow through the transparent skin, and a mouth like a dash of scarlet velvet. While her lovely golden hair was fastened straight back, in a great lustrous twist. *En déshabillé*, evidently, but quite pretty enough to excuse all defects of flour-sprinkled hands, and hair half loose.

"Door-bell?" repeated the young man, starting vacantly.

"Yes; someone to see the house, I suppose, and I such a figure. Do, please, go to the door, Bertie; there's a jewel. Mary has gone to the grocer's, and see what a state I'm in."

She held up both dimpled hands, and nodded archly in the glass at a huge flowery patch on one peach-bloom cheek.

"There it goes again! Do make haste, Bertie, and, on your life, don't show anyone into the kitchen. Tell 'em it's a gem of a little kitchen, but don't let 'em in, for the cake is half made and the bread half baked, and I'm half distracted; and the rolling-pin, and spice-boxes, and egg-beaters are all lying around loose, and—there."

And the young lady expedited matters with a push that left five white dots from her five finger ends on the back of Mr. Herbert's cashmere dressing-gown.

"The dear, absent-minded goose!" she pondered as she fluttered downstairs into the kitchen; "if there is any mistake to be made he'll be sure to make it. The more I lecture him the more absent-minded he grows, I do believe."

"Why, yes, this house is to let," said Mr. Bertie, in answer to the courteous inquiry of the tall stranger. "And I suppose you want to look at it?"

Colonel Templar smiled.

"I should like to inspect the rooms; that is, if it's quite convenient."

"Oh, quite—walk in. This is the hall, and—I believe those are the stairs, and—oh! here are the parlours."

Sidney Templar glanced carelessly around the lofty rooms, thinking they would suit his ambitious little cousin very well, when suddenly a portrait hanging over the carved marble mantelpiece caught his eye.

"Marion Caryl!"

He did not articulate the syllables, but they sounded through his brain as if a thousand silver-tongued bells had pealed them forth! Yes, it was Marion Caryl, with the bright golden ringlets floating away from her fair, blue-veined temples, and the rose-mouth ready to break into smiles that were answered by the dowy sparkle of her eyes.

"Marion Caryl!" he repeated vaguely to himself. "And this is Marion's house, and Marion's husband is leading me through the rooms. How dreamlike it all seems!"

"I'm afraid you are tired," said honest Bertie, looking compassionately at Sidney's ashen-pale face, and wondering that he had not before noticed how colourless it was.

"A little tired," stammered Colonel Templar, feeling the hot blood rush to his brow once more. "But no matter—don't let me detain you. I believe you said the rent was—"

"Rent? I haven't the least idea. I believe it's either one hundred or eighty, or perhaps sixty. I know we paid fifty, but the landlord is going to raise it, and Marion and I are thinking of a furnished cottage in the country—somewhere."

"Marion's husband is not a man of business," thought Sidney, with a faint smile.

Marion's husband! How the words cut to his heart!

"Well, I'll ask Marion—she knows," said Herbert. "Now, then, I'll take you down into the lower department."

Oh, Bertie, Bertie, had you already become oblivious of the words of caution heaped on your luckless ears?

Pretty Marion, screwing the top on to one of her spice-boxes, heard the advancing footsteps with a sudden thrill of apprehension.

"It can't be possible that that goose Bertie has forgotten what I told him," she thought. "He has though, as sure as the sun is shining, and I'm caught."

Marion dropped her box of fragrant allspice, and looked with wide-open eyes of dismay at her bib-apron.

"They are coming," she stammered, turning alternately red and white. "There's no help for it. I shall have to hide in the preserve-closet."

And our little heroine, ignominiously taking refuge in flight, ran lightly across the kitchen floor and hid herself among preserved strawberries, East India ginger, and glimmering jars of cherries.

"If I don't lecture Bertie," said Marion, setting her little white teeth together like belligerent pearls as the two gentlemen came into the kitchen, and she heard their voices discussing the relative merits of stoves and ranges.

"By the way," said Herbert, suddenly, "I believe there are some nice closets down here; at least, Marion says so, and—hullo! the door seems to stick!"

He gave it a jerk. Marion's two hands held resolutely on to the door-knob on the other side. Another resolute pull, full of well-directed energy, and the two little hands succumbed.

The door flew open.

Bertie staggered back into the middle of the room, and Marion stood there among the preserves, woefully confused, yet laughing withal, like a marvellously pretty mouse in a novel species of trap.

"Oh, Bertie, Bertie, I—"

She stopped suddenly as her shy glance met the eyes of the tall stranger. She stopped in the middle of the floor, checked in her instinct of flight by some still stronger instinct, and blushing like a pink moss-rose down to the very tips of her taper, floury fingers that were so tightly interlaced, while the blue eyes, half hidden by their white lids, were full of sparkling tears, and the mouth was breaking into a tremulous smile; for Marion did not know whether she most wanted to laugh or cry.

"Sidney, oh, Sidney!"

He bowed gravely.

"Until you introduce me to your husband, Marion, I scarcely know by what name to address you."

"My husband?" repeated Marion, wonderingly, following the direction of Sidney Templar's eye. "Oh, you mean Bertie! but he isn't my husband—"

he's my brother! Herbert, this is Colonel Templar who fought so bravely."

Marion's face lighted up as she spoke; she had forgotten all about the preserve-closet and the blazon now.

"Colonel Templar, I'm glad to shake hands with you," said straightforward Bertie. "Marion has talked about you many and many a time—aye, and cried too, when she talked."

"Bertie!"

Now she coloured indeed; deep, deep crimson, like the red heart of a pomegranate blossom opening under tropical skies.

"But your husband, Marion?"

Bertie Caryl broke into a genial laugh.

"What fellows you soldiers are for sticking to one idea. Our Marion isn't married!"

"Not married! Oh, Marion!"

He took her hand and looked wistfully into her eyes.

"Marion, we were very foolish once, but I think we are both wiser now."

She did not raise her long lashes, and he went on:

"But, Marion, the crippled, war-worn soldier dare not ask the question that the lover would have pleaded so earnestly once."

She looked up now, with tears lying brightly on her flushed cheek.

"Then I will ask it. Sidney, do you care for me still?"

"Do I care for heaven's sunshine? do I care for the blessed life that beats within my heart? Oh, Marion—mine, mine for ever."

As he murmured the tender words close into her ear Herbert Caryl, who had been abstractedly spinning the rolling-pin round, brought it down on the snowy pine table with a bang.

"I have it! Fifty pounds a year!"

"What is fifty pounds a year?" questioned his brilliant sister.

"Why, the rent, to be sure!"

"Never mind the rent just now, Mr. Caryl," said Colonel Templar, laughing good-humouredly.

"Oh, but it really is fifty pounds a year," said Herbert, solemnly; "and—why, look here! what's all this about?"

For Marion had led Sidney Templar up to him, and was smiling even while the tears hung on her wet eyelashes.

"Will you love him very much, Bertie? For—I think he's going to be your brother!"

"Exactly like the last chapter in my novel," said Caryl, sagely. "Shake hands, colonel! And now, Marion, you take care of him, for my writing is shockingly behindhand!"

So it happened upon that sunshiny April day that Colonel Sidney Templar engaged not only a house for his cousin Bertha, but a wife for himself.

"We'll take down the bill, Bertie," said Marion, demurely, "because Colonel Templar likes the house, and—and I don't exactly think showing rooms is your forte!"

"Don't you?" retorted Herbert. "Now only suppose Colonel Templar had gone away without seeing what a very convenient closet that was where the preserves are kept!"

But Marion made him no answer!

A. R.

LUXEMBURG.—A curious incident in the modern history of Luxemburg is related by the *Kreuz-Zeitung* and other German papers, with the remark that if the Luxemburgers are being sold by their sovereign it is only an act of strict retribution, since the Luxemburgers had begun by selling their sovereign, and very cheaply too. The affair is told as follows:—Some thirty years ago the oldest church in the country stood in the capital of Luxemburg, on the present Wilhelm's Place. Being in a ruinous state, it was taken down, and its religious relics deposited in the Liebfrauen Church (called Kienel Church by the people), situated close by. The historical monuments of the old church were not treated with equal respect, but, strange to say, came under the auctioneer's hammer, and were for the most part sold for a song. A lawyer bought the coffin and corpse of John the Blind, Count of Luxemburg and King of Bohemia. Seeing that he expended on this whim only the moderate sum of ten francs, he could hardly be accused of imprudence in thus appropriating to himself the dust of royalty. After having satisfied his curiosity on the subject, corpse and coffin had to wander into a corner of the garret of the house, till it was removed, with other articles of a legacy, to Prussian territory, and came into the possession of a manufacturer on the Saar, where the remains of the chivalrous king were as disrespectfully stowed out of the way as before. Years afterwards, when King

Frederic Wilhelm the Fourth of Prussia travelled through the Rhine Provinces, he visited this factory, which had formerly been a fine abbey. The proprietor, in showing his royal guest over the place, said, jestingly, that "he was sheltering another king," and related to his Majesty the singular adventures of the royal corpse. The anger of the King was only pacified when the proprietor respectfully placed at his disposal the mortal remains, affording thus an opportunity to atone for the heavy guilt of the Luxemburg country. If the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg had sold the sole and last remains of its old Comtes, and had not even six feet of Luxemburg ground to spare for them, the Prussian King gave them a royal grave, such as hardly may be equalled. An old chapel, called the Klaus, most picturesquely situated on a high rock above the river Saar, was renovated at great expense and consecrated as a resting-place for the remains of John the Blind. Let us hope that the spirit of the ill-treated King is above human frailty, and above planning revenge on the people who sold his ashes so cheap.

FACETIE.

ARTISTS: have adopted different emblems of charity. We wonder none of them never thought of a piece of India rubber, which gives more than any other substance.

"WHEN I first married my wife," said a fond husband, "I loved her so much that I could have eaten her; and now," he added, with a sigh, "I wish to heaven I had."

A **GIFT** woman promised to show each of two young ladies her husband's face in a pail of water. They looked and exclaimed: "Why, we see only our faces!" "Well, those faces will be your husbands, when you get married."

WE have much pleasure in giving publicity to an announcement in the Turkish refreshment-room, at the French Exhibition to the effect that every purchaser of a dozen of Celestine wine will receive, as a premium, one bottle of the water of the Jordan for baptismal purposes.

A **DEVOUT** lady, who attends the church of St. Roch, has been in the habit of giving half a franc every Saturday to an old man who sits at the door with a box to receive alms. Yesterday, when she proffered the usual sum to him, he said, "I beg your pardon, madam; during the Exhibition it is a franc."

POLITE GENTLEMAN.—Good-morning, sir. How do you feel yourself to-day? Deaf Gentleman.—Very stern and disagreeable. Polite Gentleman (slightly astonished but determined to recover lost ground).—Indeed! How is your wife, sir? Deaf Gentleman.—Very blustering indeed.

A **GENTLEMAN**, who takes a business view of most things, when recently asked respecting a person of quite a poetic temperament, replied: "Oh! he is one of those men who have a soaring after the infinite and divings after the unfathomable, but who never pay cash."

AT Lulworth, two years ago, a woman lost her wedding-ring while engaged in domestic labours. A few days ago the identical ring was found in dividing a large potato which she was peeling. The potato was grown in a field near the house, and probably had its eye on the ring all the time.

NOT SO POOR.—A gentleman one day asked a little girl, an only child, how many sisters she had, and was told, "Three or four." Her mother asked Mary, when they were alone, what had induced her to tell such an untruth. "Why, mamma," cried Mary, "I didn't want him to think you were so poor that you hadn't but one child. Wouldn't he have thought we were dreadful poor?"

A **DUTCHMAN** had two pigs, a large and a small one. The smaller one being the elder, he was trying to explain to a customer, and did it in this wise: "The little pig is the piggiest." Upon which his wife, assuming to correct him, said: "You will please excuse him, he no speak as good English as me; he no mean the little pig is the piggiest, but the youngest pig is the oldest."

IT being remarked by a lady at a party that there were just thirty-nine persons in the room, a gentleman disagreed with her, and declared that there were forty. To settle the question all present ranged themselves around the room, and a counting was gone into. "Thirty-nine!" exclaimed the lady, in triumph. "And the *pinus-for-tis* (forty), cried the gentleman, laying his hand on that instrument."

A **TOUGH STONY.**—Stephenson, a country shopkeeper, was one day trying to sell Joe a pair of pegged boots. The old man gave the article offered a fair examination, and decided not to purchase. "Nice boots," said Stephenson. "Very nice boots,"

said old Joe, "but I can't afford 'em." "Why, they are as cheap as any that they make," said Stephenson; "only ten shillings." "Yea, only I don't keep any hired man," returned Joe. "Hired man! what do you want of a hired man?" asked Stephenson. "Well, I should want a hired man if I bought them boots," said Joe, his eye twisting up with even a more comical leer than usual. "The last pair of boots I had pretty near ruined me." "How was that?" asked Stephenson. "Why," said Joe, "all the time I wore them boots I had to take a man along with me with a hammer to nail on the soles every time I lifted my feet." The shopkeeper made no more efforts to sell boots to Joe.

THOUGHT FOR TRADES' UNIONS.—The movement now visible in the various strikes that are going on amongst the working classes may be said to be unhealthy; but this statement must be taken with a qualification. The strikes of the producers have the effect of cod's liver oil. How so? Because they are calculated to check consumption.—*Punch.*

PROBLEM.—Suppose a man and a girl were to get married—the man 35 years old, and the girl 5 years, this makes the man seven times as old as the girl; they live together until the girl is 10 years old, this makes him 40 years old, and four times as old as the girl; and they still live until she is 15, the man would be 45; this makes the man three times as old, and they still live until she is 30 years old, this makes the man 60, only twice as old, and so on. Now how long would they have to live to make the girl as old as the man?

NOVEL DUEL.—An apothecary lately refused to resign his seat at a theatre in Vienna to an officer, who, feeling himself insulted, sent him a challenge. The apothecary was punctual at the meeting, but observed he had to propose a new way of settling the dispute. He then drew from his pocket a pill-box, and, taking therefrom two pills, thus addressed his antagonist: "As a man of honour, sir, you would not wish me to fight on unequal terms. Here are therefore two pills, one composed of the most deadly poison, the other perfectly harmless. We are, therefore on equal grounds if we each swallow one. You shall take your choice, and I promise faithfully to take that which you leave." It is needless to add that the affair was settled by a hearty laugh.

A LAME EXPRESSION.

"This comes hopping" from the Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*:

"The King of Greece is here, as I told you. He went out riding on Saturday, the Emperor mounting him."

"Mounting him?" Indeed! Did the King, then, with the world with a daring act of horsemanship, and go trotting through the city with the Emperor a-pick-a-back?—*Punch.*

AGRICULTURAL.—A South of England farmer writes to us to say that he has an early harvest in view, as he has already got three ricks in his neck, and is doing very well.—*Punch.*

CANDOUR.

Crusty old Bachelor: "Well, Elly, how do you do, my dear?"

Elly (faintly): "Quite well, thank you, sir."

Old Bachelor: "I'm very glad to hear that; but why don't you ask me how I am?"

Elly: "Cause I don't want to know."—*Punch.*

THE COMPOUND HORSEHOLDER.—Query: Can he have survived his late picking to pieces in the House of Commons? If so, what a well-compounded compound he must be!—*Punch.*

A PROFESSIONAL VIEW OF THINUS.—An eminent publican, speaking of a married couple, both of whom were fat, and one subject to some little acerbities of temper, described them as "two stunts, and a stout and bitter."—*Punch.*

THOSE LOVER OF BONNETS.—Why is Mr. *Punch* such an enthusiastic admirer of those charming little bonnets which are now in vogue? Must he really tell? Well, if his fair readers insist upon it his reason is, that those elegant, excellent, reasonable bonnets are so small that they can be packed up in comparatively moderate space, and thus lessen the difficulty of transporting ladies by land or water, occasioned by the impediment of bandboxes.—*Punch.*

WORTH KNOWING.

An enterprising hotel proprietor advertises:

"Where to dine at any time," &c.

If generally known this must prove a great boon to many, at a time when their pockets are empty.—*Pun.*

A CLIPPER.—A Chicago paper says that manes and scapings by the Indians have become so common that an officer stationed in the Indian country writing to a friend says: he would send a lock of his hair, but fears it would be a fraud on the savages,

as he expects one of them to be his barber shortly. Of course this is the mere excuse of a brave man, who would send the hair if it were not that he might be accused of cutting it in the face of danger.—*Fun.*

HALF-MEASURE.

SCENE.—Church. TIME.—Liturgy.

Master Tom (who has been promised a penny if he is good during service): "I say, ma, is it half over yet?"

Mawms: "Yes, dear!"

Master Tom: "Then give us a halfpenny!"—*Fun.*

PLAIN SPEAKING.

Waiter: "Chop, sir—yeast! And potatoes—yeast! Potatoes plain, sir?"

Customer: "Plain—hump! Some of 'em were downright ugly!"—*Fun.*

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

TO FAVOUR FRUITS.—A method has lately been made public in France by which various flavours may be communicated to fruits. The process is as follows:—Supposing, for instance, it is desired to flavour an apple: the fruit is pierced with a needle in several places, and then immersed in the flavouring liquid. After a few seconds the liquid penetrates to the interior of the fruit. This operation is repeated two or three times in ten days, and the fruit allowed to ripen.

HOW TO WASH KID GLOVES.—Have ready a little new milk in one saucer, and a piece of brown soap in another, and a clean towel or cloth folded three or four times. On the cloth spread out the glove smooth and neat. Take a piece of flannel, dip it in the milk, then rub off a good quantity of soap to the wetted flannel, and commence to rub the glove downwards towards the fingers, holding it firmly with the left hand. Continue this process until the glove, if white, looks of a dingy yellow, though clear; if coloured, till it looks dark and speckled. Lay it to dry; and old gloves will soon look nearly new. They will be soft, glossy, smooth, shapely, and elastic.

LANGUAGE AND POETRY.

THE plant, the animal, the world—poems, miracles, are these; man the greatest. He only, of all known created beings, has the gift of articulate speech, and of conscious communion with the divine source—this faculty, this communion, cognate powers. So does he share in little the creative energy. He orbs his intelligent life into economic, into moral, into social, into religious order. His delight in the universal beauty he projects into ordonnance of forms and colours and sounds; and for all the faculties of his mind, in due subordination and perfect proportionality he finds an expression, and the best expression, in the wider, freer, and more various element of language, and so orbs that also into poetry—what we agree to call "poetry" *par excellence*. Divine is the impulse, not are the means unworthy, since language also (however we may trace its progress) originates from a spiritual, a celestial source. In language the poetic spirit soaks, finds and uses its own, that which it gave long before, and ever it strives after what is truest and most essential in language. Rightly is poetry esteemed miraculous, a gift from above.

The impulse comes to all men, but only a few are so open and sensitive by genius, so unspoiled by circumstance, so unlogged with trifles, unshackled by daily needs, as to vibrate with free and full responsive tone, and convey to others any hint of the heavenly message. Here and there, by the bounty of heaven, some true messenger, among many pretended messengers and many self-deceiving, speaks a word not inadequately. In those good and happy moments of enlargement and power, when memory, hope, experience, faith, imagination, all the faculties, rise together into an emotional mood of love and joy, new, delicious and creative—a "gifted human soul," recognizing the presence of eternal beauty, and impelled to communicate its delight, projects itself into the world of language, and there creates beautiful things. Happy I call him, whatever his visible fortune, to whom above the petty and distracting din of the passing day, it is given to hear the far-off movement of an eternal harmony. For one poem that he writes ten thousand unwritten poems are his. And if he have the gift and courage to report well some snatch or fragment, happy also are they whose ear and soul are open to his message. In youth, when the senses are fresh and the spirit is open, it is well to drink of this ambrosia. As people grow older they are apt to grow more shrewd and decorous, not always more reverent, not in every way wiser.

I can imagine that an old man may gladly find floating on winged words into his memory some early dream, some ideal hope or joy, some high thought, a poet's gift, and find it truer after all, more deep founded, than much that he deemed reality in life, but which was only fleeting appearance. Perhaps, though long latent, it has not been without its influence. But whether this or that individual, young or old, reads or never reads, remembers or does not remember any poetry in a given form of words, the poets have not the less influenced and modified the world of men into which he and we have been born, the language that we speak, the society in which we live.

If A. or B. cares nothing, has never cared anything for poetry, it is his loss and his defect—the greater the less he is conscious of it; let him at least avoid any bragging as to his apathy. He might as reasonably be proud of deafness or blindness. Poetry, like humanity itself, appears poor and absurd, or rich and profound, partly according to the mood in which we regard it, but mainly according to the wisdom we bring to its estimation. The spirit of poetry is assuredly a divine presence and power. This particular manifestation of it, this art of metrical language, is a fact and a force in the world; its effects delightful, elevating, and enduring; its source hiding beyond investigation, in the infinite deep of things.

THE BEAUTIFUL TEMPLE.

THEY builded a beautiful temple,
And set it up under the sun,
And opened its portals for worship,
As long as the ages should run;
The stars shining down in their splendour,
The sun looking down in his might,
Were to light up an altar where incense
Should ascend through the day and the night.
And the priest in his raiment of purple,
And the peasant in rags at his feet,
Were to join in the grand invocation
Where faith and where fervour should meet;
And the world was to stand as a witness
To Humanity crowned and sublime,
Slipping down from the edge of the altar,
Reaching out to the limits of time.
But the beautiful temple has fallen,
And Palmyra, the pride of the plain,
With its glory and greatness has vanished;
And its memories only remain.
Time's toys are made up of man's triumphs,
And, build as we may, it is naught;
For his breath, like the touch of an acid,
Eats into the heart of our thought.

W. E. P.

GEMS.

A MAN without discretion is a vessel without a helm, which, however rich the cargo, is in continual danger of being wrecked.

ENERGY.—It is the energy of will that is the soul of the intellect; wherever it is there is life; where it is not all is dulness, and despondency, and desolation.

SIR PETER LALY made it a rule never to look at a bad picture, having found by experience that whenever he did his own pencil took a hint from it. Apply this to bad books and company.

SOURCE OF PERPLEXITY.—That which makes our view of the present state of the world a source of perplexity and horror is the consideration that every human heart bears in itself a type more or less distinct of those powers and that happiness which have been the portion of the most exalted minds. There is, perhaps, no spot on earth, however dreary, in which the germs of many plants, and the larvae of shining and light-winged insects are not hidden, though for thousands of years undeveloped, and still expecting the warm breeze that shall call them out into life and beauty.

FRENCH OPINION OF LONDON.—A French critic gives us hope. He says: "Owing to the improvements which are going on in London, doubtless, in a few years, London will cease to merit the name of the ugliest city in Europe."

SALE OF LIQUOR ON SUNDAY.—Mr. J. A. Smith's Bill proposes, in relation to licensed victuallers and other retailers of wine or beer in England, that, except in regard to sales for consumption off the premises, the existing restrictions on the sale of fermented and distilled liquors within certain hours on Sunday, Christmas-day, Good Friday, and public fast or thanksgiving days, shall extend to the whole of the day, and that sales for consumption off the

premises shall be allowed only from 1 to 2.30 p.m. and from 8 p.m. to 10 p.m. The gap from 2.30 to 8 o'clock is very long. The Bill is subject to this important and rather elastic qualification: that where any person *bond fide* carries on as part of his ordinary daily trade the business of an eating-house keeper, "or otherwise of selling meat, confectionary, or other victuals to be consumed on the premises," this Bill is not to prevent him from selling, as he might if it had not passed, any meat, confectionary, or other victuals for consumption on the premises, "or any fermented or distilled liquors for consumption on the premises by persons who *bond fide* have purchased any such meat, confectionary, or other victuals." The Bill for Ireland has been produced by Mr. O'Reilly.

STATISTICS.

THE GOLDFIELDS OF AUSTRALIA.—An official compilation has been published of the produce of the Australian goldfields during the last fifteen years. In 1852 the number of ounces (at 4*l.* per ounce value) was 218,782*l.*; 1853, 2,076,345*l.*; 1854, 2,150,794*l.*; 1855, 2,751,585*l.*; 1856, 2,985,991*l.*; 1857, 2,762,460*l.*; 1858, 2,528,478*l.*; 1859, 2,230,950*l.*; 1860, 2,156,660*l.*; 1861, 1,967,420*l.*; 1862, 1,658,207*l.*; 1863, 1,626,872*l.*; 1864, 1,544,694*l.*; 1865, 1,548,801*l.*; 1866, 1,480,597*l.* The falling off in the yield has, thus been gradual and continuous since 1856, the produce of which year was nearly double that of the year last past. The presumed value of all the gold claims throughout the colony is 8,498,924*l.* The total estimated value of all mining plant is returned at 1,914,712*l.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

A GREAT discovery of antique jewellery has been made in an Indian mound in Tennessee.

THE depth of Bass's Straits is about forty-five fathoms, and the cable crossing it 200 miles long.

AT the Porte Rapp cars can be ordered from any of the stands in Paris by telegraph to take up at the Exhibition building.

THE Liverpool Corporation have purchased from the Earl of Sefton 360 acres of land to form a new park.

HER MAJESTY AND THE PEACE OF EUROPE.—To a very considerable extent the preservation of the peace of Europe is owing to the noble exertions of her Majesty the Queen, who addressed a very forcible epistle to the King of Prussia on the folly and wickedness of involving so many countries in the horrors of war.

JAPANESE ARTISTS VOLUNTEERS.—It is stated that four Japanese appeared at Dover on Easter Monday as volunteers, in the ranks of the Artists Volunteers. They are students in the London University, and have been out several times, once at the Harrow fight. They appeared thoroughly to enjoy the day.

A NOVEL BALL.—It is rumoured that the Duchesse de Dondeauville is shortly to give a ball, when all the ladies are to be dressed in white and to wear white camellias in the hair. It is anticipated that the prettiest possible effect will thus be produced. Why don't all the men wear white coats, white waistcoats, and white trousers? It would then be a perfectly pure ball.

A MAHOMEDAN BARRISTER.—Among the names of those lately called to the bar in the Middle Temple appears that of Badrodeen Tyabjee: This gentleman is a Mahomedan, and the first ever called to the English bar. The oaths of allegiance, &c., were administered to him in the usual terms, but he was sworn on the Koran. He intends to practise at the bar in Bombay, where he will be the first disciple of the Prophet who has ever held such a position in India.

A PICKPOCKET FORGOTTEN.—At Mr. Hancock's stall at the Paris Exhibition a French pickpocket attempted a feat which was a source of some merriment to those who witnessed it. On the top of a glass case of jewellery, which serves for a counter there, seems to be lying carelessly strewn about several very precious diamonds and other stones. They really adhere to the under surface of the glass. They are so finely cut that by mere pressure the air is excluded from the surface of the stones in contact with the glass, and in this way they adhere. But they seem to be lying outside. A very gaily dressed Frenchwoman, seeing that nobody was watching them, covered them with her handkerchief, and attempted to sweep them away, while at the same moment she directed her inquiries to another part of the stand where some of Mr. Hancock's most brilliant productions are displayed.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. W. HERRICK.—For an account of All Fools' Day see our answer to "Caroline," in No. 209.

R. MARTIN.—Your father dying intestate, the property would be divided equally among his children.

A YOUNG LADY.—I. We feel flattered at our fair correspondent's praise. 2. Both handwriting and composition neat and ladylike.

PERILOUS.—You can "promote your growth" only by exercise in the open air and temperate living. (Handwriting very neat and ladylike.)

ALICE.—You have been correctly informed. Young green nettles, if dressed in the same manner as spinach, are very nice; but it must be the young ones.

ARTHUR J. M. must either be a very impatient, or a very careless reader, or he would have seen that we answered his question in No. 209.

DUMBAROX.—The name you mention is derived from the town of the same name. The derivation of Black, White, &c., is sufficiently obvious.

OCTAVIA.—It was on May 12 that Marlborough defeated the French at Ramillies, and afterwards took Brussels, Louvain, Bruges, Ghent, Ostend, Menin, &c.

E. S. LONGDALE.—The proper course would be for the young gentleman to invite a reply to our fair correspondent, who would, we feel assured, prefer a suitor capable of applying for himself, and not by proxy.

WALTER.—The word millennium means a thousand, and is a term applied by ecclesiastical writers to that period predicted in Scripture when Christ is to reign with his saints upon earth for one thousand years.

A. B.—Why not be content with the colour nature has given your hair? You cannot dye it without doing it a permanent injury. If you are determined to have it dyed go to a respectable hair-dresser.

H. SMITH.—Having no written and stamped agreement to the contrary, you have no alternative, and must accept your landlord's legal notice to quit. Plants which you have planted you may of course take with you.

FRANCIS.—Minor is a Latin term, meaning less; in law it means a person under age; one who, by the laws of his country, is not capable of administering his own affairs; in this country a person is a minor till the age of twenty-one.

GEORGE.—In photography the word spectrum means a metallic reflection; it is usually applied to the concave spectrum of reflecting telescopes, although every polished surface, whether concave, convex, or plane, may be so designated.

ALBERT.—Umbrellas were introduced into this country from Persia by Jonas Hanway. At first he was sadly ridiculed; boys shouted after him as he walked through the streets; it soon, however, became an article of universal use, and is now a common article in every home.

HENRY.—The "Mountain" was a name applied during the French Revolution to a party in the Convention, occupying the highest benches on the left, and was composed of the most ultra of the Revolutionists, and the leaders of the Jacobins and Cordeliers; hence it came to denote any association of persons of similar principles.

CORNELIUS.—You request to be informed who invented parchment. This article, of so much utility, especially for legal documents, was invented by Eumenes, second King of Pergamum, 198 B.C., in consequence of the prohibition of the export of papyrus from Egypt.

AMY.—In all your intercourse with your friends mind little things more than great ones; a word, a look, a frown, are little things, yet powerful for good and evil. Acts deemed unimportant may be the foundation of inveterate and powerful habits. Great things compel attention, but little ones are too easily overlooked.

EMMA.—A good way to keep oysters is the following: Put them into a tub, and cover them with salt and water; let them remain for twelve hours, then take them out, and let them remain another twelve hours without water; if left without water every alternate twelve hours they will be much better; never put the same water twice to them.

FLORENCE VALETTE.—"A maiden of eighteen summers," the only child of wealthy parents, is in great grief. Blessed with two suitors whom she equally loves, she knows not which to choose, albeit her parents will not interfere with her choice. At times she is madly fond of "Bertha" at others of "George." Under these circumstances she desires

us to give the casting vote. Poor "George" has been her devoted swain for three long years, and has at length proposed, still "F. V." will not decide. We fear "F. V." is a coquette, and that between two stools she may fall to the ground; for our part we have little faith in the love of a young woman who boasts of two strings to her bow. If "F. V." be really earnest in her desire to enter the state matrimonial, yet cannot choose for herself, let her take the advice of her parents, but, better still, let her wait patiently till her own heart convincingly makes the choice.

EMERLINE.—Solitude is favourable to temptation. Luther declared so long since; therefore, under those circumstances, when inclined to some evil, either in thought or deed, leave all, hasten to see some poor, afflicted one, saying not a word of your own trouble, but enter fully into theirs. This will drive away the tempter; perhaps the next time you see that friend you will be cheered by the knowledge that you greatly comforted her at that time when you thought your own sorrow the greatest.

S. W. O., at the same time that he sends us two small poems, declares that he has a great passion for writing, although he has not as yet been able to get any of his labours printed. He also desires us to point out his defects, but, as it were in the same breath, desires us to be merciful, as he is of very susceptible feelings. In "S. W. O.'s" case what he will consider cruel will be kindness. Remember aspiration is not inspiration. "The White Throat" and "Oh, for a heart" are feeble in thought and construction, and defective in metre.

VIRGINIA.—We cannot, as we often before said, recommend the use of any depilatory for the removal of superfluous hair; at the same time, as the question is so repeatedly put to us, we give the following, not however without a warning that such a caustic should be used with the greatest circumspection, beginning with it somewhat diluted: Mix 3 ounces of quicklime with half an ounce of opium or realgar (sulphuretted arsenic); boil that mixture in one pound of strong alkaline lye, then try its strength by dipping a feather into it and when the fine falls off the russet (as it is called) is quite strong enough. It is applied to the human skin by a momentary friction, followed by washing with warm water.

"WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?"

What is that, mother? The lark, my child.

The moon has but just looked out and smiled.
When he starts from his humble grassy nest,
And is up and away with the dew on his breast
And a hymn in his heart to you purr, bright sphere,

To warble it out in his Maker's ear.

Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
Tuned like the lark to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, mother? The dove, my son.

And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast.

Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn.

For her distant dear one's quick return.

Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

What is that, mother? The eagle, boy—

Proudly soaring his course of joy;

Firm, on his own mountain vigour relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying.

His wing on the wind, and his eyes on the sun,
He sweeps not a hair, but bears onward right on.

Boy, may the eagle flight ever be thine,
Onward, and upward, and true to the line.

A. W.

GEORGE A. L., twenty-five, 5 ft. 10 in. in height, and dark. ANNE, twenty, 5 ft. 5 in. and fair. Respondent must be dark, and between twenty and thirty.

ROMEO. Respondent must be twenty or twenty-six; good looks not indispensable.

BLANCHE TREMAY, seventeen, tall, fair, and good figure. Respondent must be a good-looking Scotchman, with some means.

LIZZIE, seventeen, tall, dark, good looking, fond of home, children, and domesticated. Respondent must be eighteen or nineteen, and tall.

C. E. B., twenty-two, 5 ft. 8 in. in height, fair, light hair, blue eyes, expects a little money very soon, and good tempered. Would prefer a lady belonging to Yorkshire.

MACGEE, dark hair, blue eyes, and domesticated. Respondent must be about 5 ft. 6 in. in height, dark, and of temperate habits.

ELLEN FERRIS, twenty-three, medium height, fair, dark brown hair, dark gray eyes, and would make a good wife to a steady, sober young man.

NELLIE, twenty-four, hazel eyes, dark brown hair, good looking, good complexion, well educated, domesticated, and the daughter of a manufacturer. Respondent must be honourable and industrious.

R. B. and E. A. C. "R. B." twenty-two, 5 ft. 9 in. in height, and a good tradesman. "E. A. C." twenty-three, 5 ft. 8 in. in height, and dark. Respondents must be over twenty-one, fair, and blue eyes preferred.

HEUREUX R., thirty, tall, dark hair and eyes, gentlemanly, a commercial foreigner, speaks English, and would make a very indulgent husband. Respondent must be a respectable, good-tempered lady.

ANNIE and MAGGIE. "Annie," twenty, 5 ft. 3 in. in height, brown curling hair, blue eyes, good looking, and merry. "Maggie," eighteen, a brunette, 5 ft., good looking, and domesticated.

SCHMER PARANT, an officer in Her Majesty's service, twenty-six, 5 ft. 8 in. in height, not good looking, but very gentlemanlike. Respondent must be under twenty-two, good looking, and well educated.

RAILWAY OFFICIAL and J. G., two friends. "R. O." twenty-five, tall, dark hair and eyes, good looking, and at present in a very lucrative situation. "J. G." twenty-one, medium height, fair, and has a salary of 90l. per annum, with fair prospects.

FLORA MACDONALD, twenty-three, below the medium height, fair, good looking, and of middle-class family. Respondent must be tall, dark, well informed, and of middle age. (But few novels are now written for the special edification of females. Thus in choosing from a public library

much depends upon your own taste and culture. Try the works of George Elliot, Mrs. Gaskell, Miss Brontë, Miss Muloch, or trust to the librarian's choosing. You can exchange as often as you please until you become pleased. Handwriting very careless.)

ADA and MARIAN. "Ada," nineteen, medium height, dark hair, and blue eyes. "Marian," sixteen, tall, dark hair and eyes, and good looking. Respondents must be tall and musical, and with incomes of not less than 100l. a year.

MARION C. and ANNE. "Marion C.," seventeen, 5 ft. 5 in. in height, hazel eyes, brown hair, fair, and good looking. Respondent must be fair, and about nineteen or twenty. "Anne," eighteen, tall, dark hair and eyes, good looking, and domesticated. Respondent must be dark, and about twenty.

SUSANNAH, JANET, and KATE. "Susannah," nineteen, of middle height, light brown hair, hazel eyes, and ladylike; "Janet," eighteen, golden hair, large blue eyes, and good looking; and "Kate," seventeen, a merry little blonde, with golden brown curls, blue eyes, transparent complexion, and will have a hundred pounds on the day of her marriage. Respondents must be tall, dark, good looking, not under twenty, well educated, and able to keep their wives comfortably.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—

F. R. G. is responded to by—"Faany Bustin."

THOMAS W. by—"Dot," twenty-one, 5 ft. 4 in. in height, dark hair, blue eyes, fair, and accomplished.

GEORGE A. by—"Clara W.," twenty-one, dark hair and eyes, and fair; and—"Vesal," a blonde, eighteen, tall, good looking, and a good pianist and singer.

A. R. F. by—"H. M.," nineteen, medium height, dark, amiable, and used to business.

JAMES by—"Bertha," nineteen, 5 ft. 2 in. in height, and a brunette.

THOMAS B. by—"Nellie," nineteen, brown wavy hair, domesticated, and fond of music.

DEPART by—"Clara A.," seventeen, middle height, and dark.

TANCRET by—"Kate," eighteen, medium height, and fair. FREDERICK ADOLPHUS by—"Mary Harvey," of religious principles, and well educated.

J. S. S. by—"Isabel," ladylike and good looking.

WILLIAM and ALFRED by—"Eva" and "Constance," both domesticated and cheerful. "Eva" is dark, "Constance" is fair.

T. R. by—"Katie," a widow without incumbrance, twenty-five, short, dark, domesticated, and fond of music; and—"Matilda F.," twenty-three, medium height, brown hair and eyes, and domesticated.

FRANK PERCIVAL by—"A. W.," twenty, tall, fair, good looking, and domesticated. "Lizzy," twenty-nine, 5 ft. 4 in. in height, dark brown hair, blue eyes, and domesticated; and—"M. P.," 4 ft. 3 in. in height, dark, fond of music, and will have a good fortune on her marriage.

WILL by—"Ella," just sixteen, about 5 ft. 1 in. in height, pretty, brown hair, fair, with a moderate fortune. "Hay of Cardiff," sixteen, a brunette, and good looking. "Maggy," sixteen, medium height, light blue eyes, dark brown hair, and good looking; and—"Maggie," sixteen, medium height, good temper, dark eyes, and fond of home, music, and children.

MICHAEL by—"Veritas," twenty-nine, 5 ft. 9 in. in height, dark, good looking, an officer on board a steamer. "John B.," twenty-three, rather tall, good looking, fond of music, home, and children, and always carries out his principles. "W. W.," thirty-six, tall, but not very dark, good looking, very good tempered, fond of home, and equally fond of an affectionate, sensible woman, who would have his undivided attention, but thoroughly detests stupid nonsense or childish flattery; he belongs to a highly respectable profession, is very industrious, and has been a Roman Catholic from his birth; and—"Walter X."

ALICE MAUD by—"W. T.," twenty, 5 ft. 8 in. in height, dark, good looking, fond of music, and a tradesman's son. "R. W. K.," who is 6 ft. in height, with an income of 600l. a year besides his business, exceedingly handsome, well connected, and very fond of music—"A. W. J.," tall, very fair, small eyes, and no fortune, but honest and industrious.

"John Templeton," who has no money, but of a very respectable family—"Alfred S.," 6 ft. in height, and holds an appointment bringing him an income of 170l. a year.

"Cornelius," twenty-two, 5 ft. 8 in. in height, light blue eyes, brown hair, passable looking, an optician, an organist in a parish church, and in receipt of 90l. per annum.

"George Randolph," twenty-five, 5 ft. 9 in. in height, blue eyes, brown hair, dark, jolly temper, called a gentleman, and an athlete—"Prince Hal," twenty-one, 5 ft. 10 in. in height, dark, handsome, black moustache, very dark eyes, dark hair, well educated, can speak French fluently, in a good berth, and hopes some day to be comfortably settled down; and—"W. H. Stainthorpe, jun.," twenty-one, 5 ft. 11 in. in height, a lieutenant in a volunteer corps, handsome, passionately fond of music, has an income of 390l. a year, and with considerable expectations.

AGGIE by—"Alpha," twenty-two, 5 ft. 9 in. in height, fair, light hair, moustache, and whiskers, well educated, fond of children, every inch an Englishman, a Protestant, and has a salary of 130l. per annum—"Harry," twenty-two, rather tall, of gentlemanly appearance, fair, considered good looking, and fond of singing and music—"D. F. W.," 5 ft. 7 in. in height, a good tradesman, fond of music, religious, and a Protestant—"N. R. V.," twenty-four, 5 ft. 9 in. in height, and rather dark; and—"Harry Carnegie," twenty-six, dark, good looking, at present in a situation as a clerk, and has a great desire to go abroad, having had some experience in the colonies.

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